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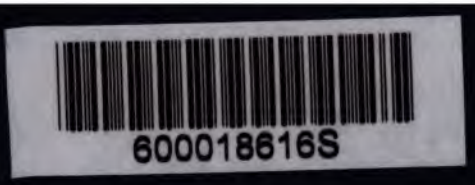
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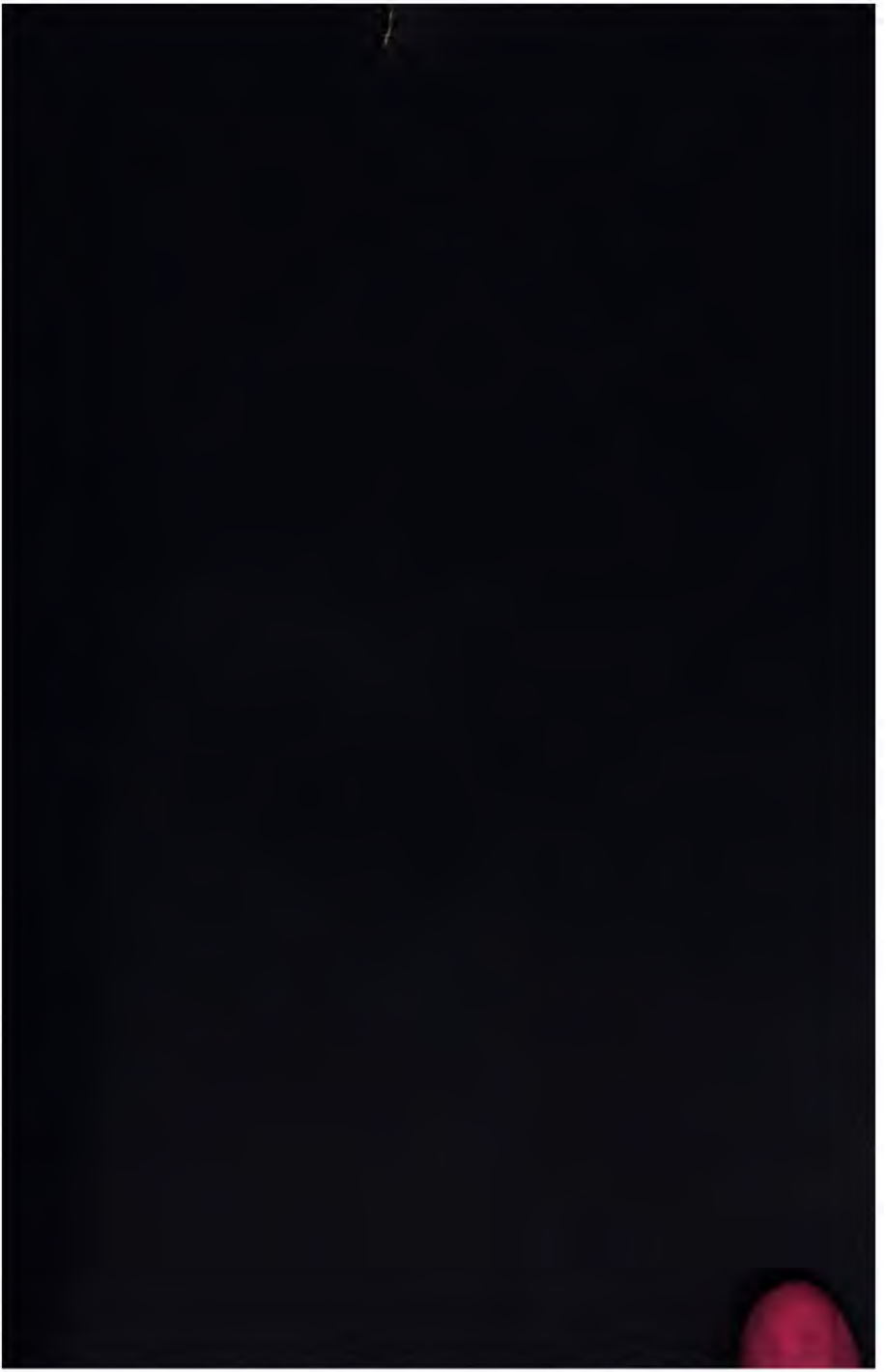

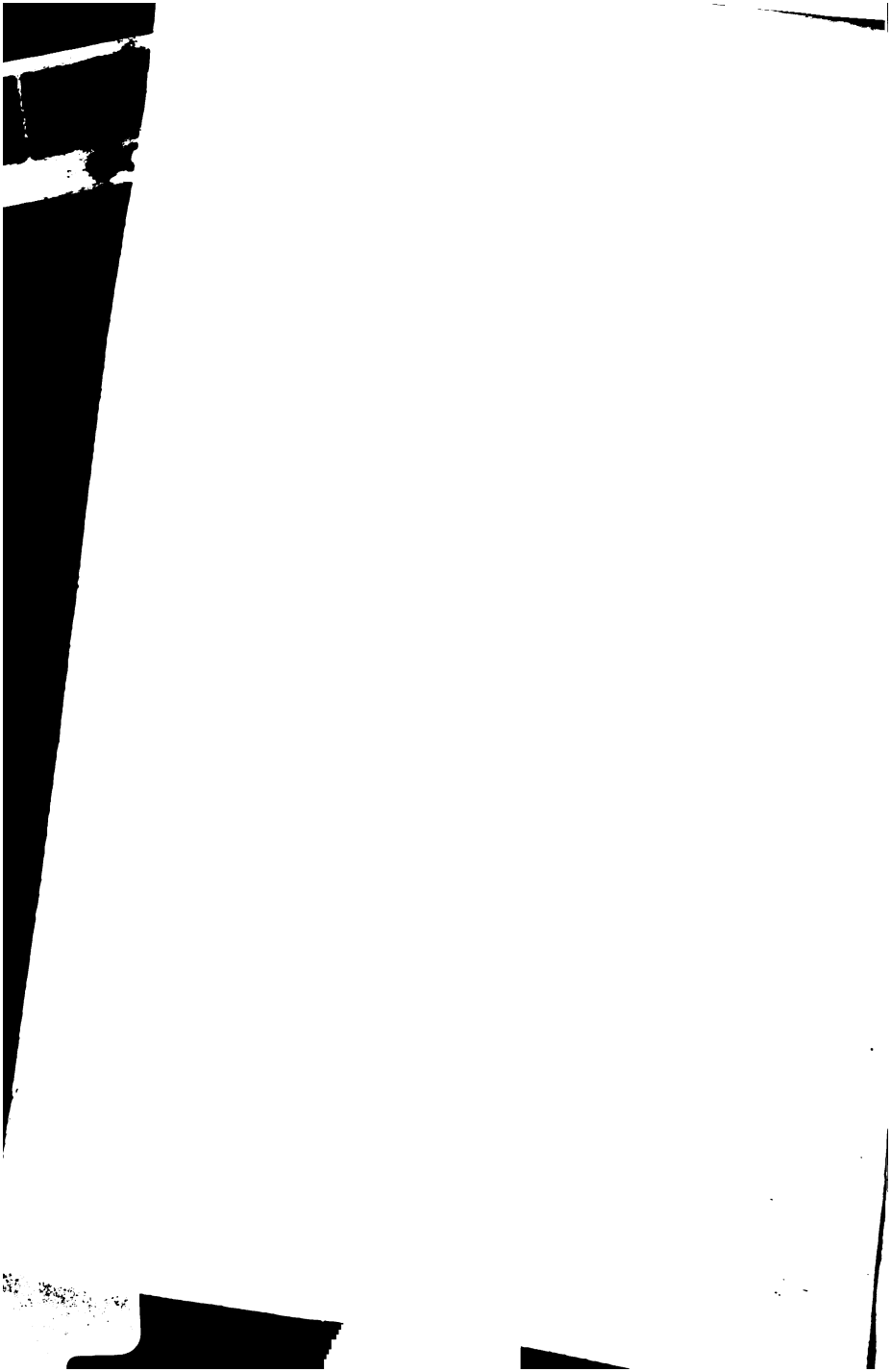

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

MY JOURNEY

ROUND THE WORLD

VIA

CEYLON, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA,
TORRES STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY

CAPTAIN S. H. JONES-PARRY,

LATE 102ND ROYAL MADRAS FUSILIERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BIBLIOTHECA
JAN '81
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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HARRIS.

Dear Lord Harris,

You and Lady Harris contributed largely to the enjoyment of the first part of my Journey Round the World; you have since by your tact and courtesy caused your fellow-countrymen to be well spoken of in far distant lands, I therefore gladly avail myself of your permission to dedicate these volumes to you.

Yours very truly,

S. H. JONES-PARRY.

Tyllwyd,
November 1880.

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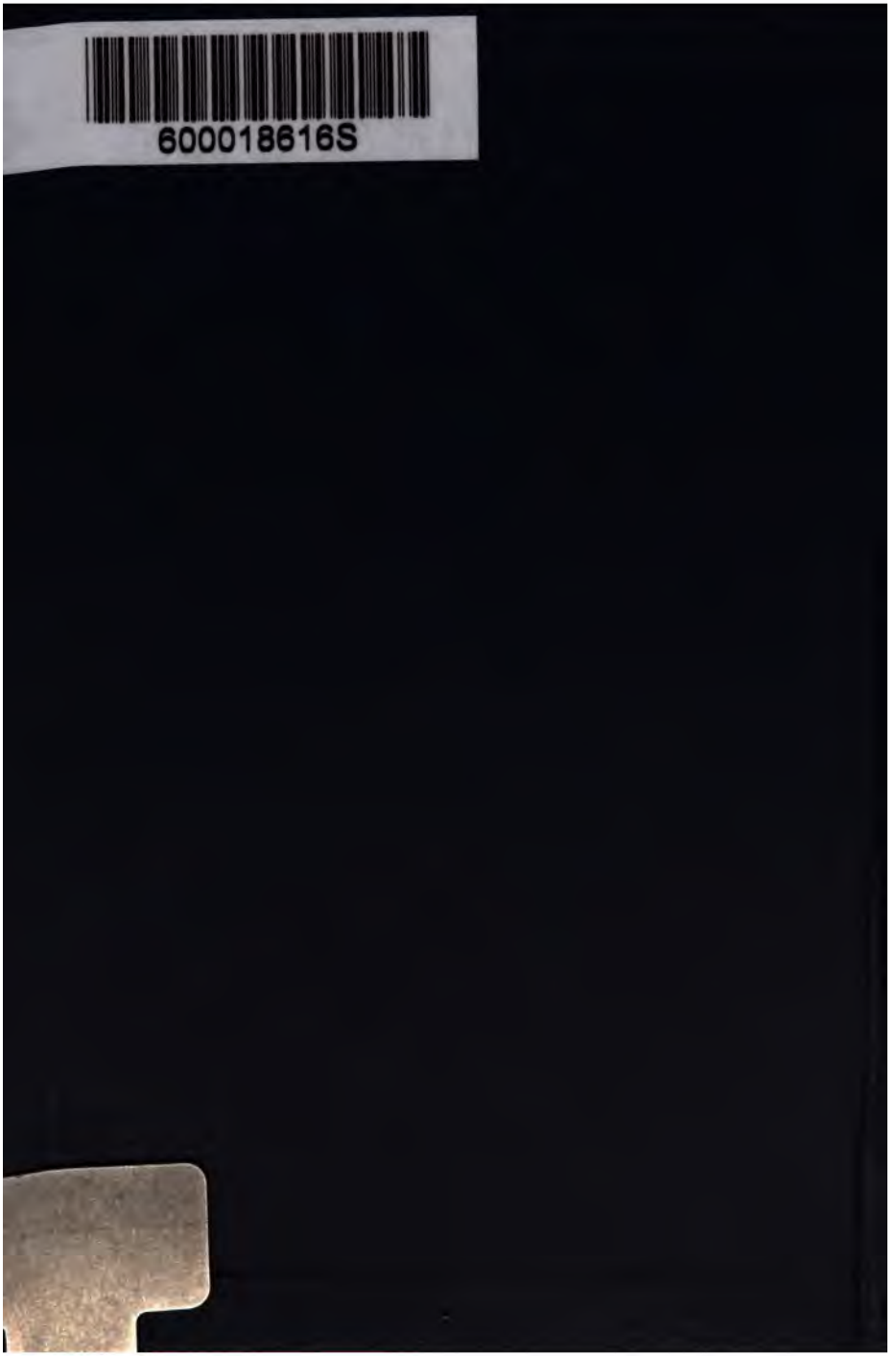
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MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

VOL. I.

as myself; my courage failed me, and I determined to put my diary on one side; but in private conversations I found people so interested in my journey, and so pressing in their desire to read my manuscript, that I got it fairly copied out. It fell into the hands of an *injudicious* relative, who took it bodily to Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and hence this result. I beg to say that there is no attempt at any literary excellence; it is a simple narrative told by a soldier who entered the army before the days of competitive examinations.

And now a word as to the mode of treating my subject. In the first place I determined entirely to discard guides and guide-books, to see what I liked in my own way, and, therefore, though I daresay I missed seeing exactly what I ought to have seen, and went exactly where I ought not to have gone, I nevertheless enjoyed myself in my own way, and saw things as I wanted to see them. I did not go in for science or statistics in any shape or form, so the reader will not be bothered with them. When I say a population consists of such-and-such a num-

ber I do not include fractions of babies or "decimals of drummers." I measured no mountains and sounded no seas, but I took in good faith all the wonderful stories that were told me, and if I was deeply gulled, I found the process very pleasant, and give my readers full permission to make merry over my credulity.

Well, on the 17th of October, 1878, I sailed from Southampton in the Peninsular and Oriental steamship "Australia," 3,660 tons. I need only mention that, being a soldier, I was encumbered with the least possible amount of baggage, and to that fact I attribute a good deal of my subsequent comfort and success. All my baggage as a rule went into my cabin, so there was never the bother of getting a portmanteau from the hold, or rushing after missing packages when changing ships. A very nice young fellow who was under my charge as far as New Zealand shared the cabin with me, and helped to make the voyage agreeable. Our fellow-passengers were of all nations and languages, and it added much to our sociability having Lord Harris's team of

cricketers on board. I was moreover delighted to find that an old comrade would be my companion as far as Gibraltar, and that a celebrated naval officer, also a friend of mine, would accompany us to Melbourne.

The first part of our voyage was uneventful; it included the usual amount of misery and sea-sickness, but being myself a good sailor I did not mind it, and it gave me the opportunity of being useful to others in distress, and so gaining friends that I hope never to lose sight of. We ran very near Cape St. Vincent, and it was a pleasurable incident to know that Lady Harris, a granddaughter of the celebrated hero of that great battle, was looking from our deck on the scene of her ancestor's great victory. During the rough passage I could not but admire the heroism of a young servant-girl, who, though dreadfully ill herself, managed to attend to two little children equally sick; no one but a woman would have had the pluck. We had a lady on board, the mother of three little girls at a birth; they were only six months old, and used to play on a rug on board like little kittens. Everybody was

fond of them. The Queen sent them each one pound, which their mother had invested in lockets.

On the 21st, after a somewhat rough passage, we arrived at Gibraltar. I had been there so often that it had lost much of its interest to me; moreover, everyone has heard it described so often that I shall not inflict further details on them. My old regiment, the 102nd Royal Madras Fusiliers, was quartered at Gibraltar, so I of course made a raid on the mess-house. On arriving there an officer in uniform was just leaving. I asked him if Colonel Harcourt was in, he told me he was at his house some distance off, and that the only major present lived in the same quarter; as I had only four hours it was hopeless to try and see them. I then asked who the senior captain present was, and the officer in question told me who he was. I then said,

"It is no use my asking after anyone else, for I see I have out-lived all my comrades, and no one would know me."

He laughed and said, "I remember you now, you are Captain Jones Parry, and you

put me through my musketry-drill at Bangalore, in 1860."

It was indeed so; eighteen years ago I had taught the "young idea how to shoot." We went into the mess-house, and I was introduced to those present as an old Fusilier, and had a glass of claret out of a jug I had presented on my promotion nearly twenty years ago. I saw the head and skin of the old regimental tiger "Plassy." A clever picture of this animal appeared in the *Illustrated News* some years ago, with the following interesting anecdote, which is authentic:

"The corporal who looked after the tiger got drunk, and was in consequence absent from roll-call; a search was made for him, and he was discovered lying fast asleep in the tiger's cage. The first impulse was to rescue him from his perilous position, but the tiger growled so angrily that it was deemed prudent not to interfere; a man was set to watch and give the alarm if necessary, but there was no necessity, for when the drunken man had slept off the effects of his debauch, he awoke, and the tiger allowed him to depart quietly. No doubt the tiger knew

that the man was his friend who fed him."

I took a stroll in the gardens and then went on board ship. We left a good many passengers at "Gib," and as we had been rather over-crowded this was a relief. We had lovely weather, and the ship was so steady and the passengers so well that it was deemed prudent to take advantage of the good time and have a concert in aid of the Merchant Seamens' Orphan Asylum. It was very successful, the singing was fairly good, and the cause was greatly aided by a very touching appeal made on its behalf by Commodore Wilson; thirty-five pounds was collected. On the 23rd we were off Algiers at half-past eight p.m., and could see the lamps on shore distinctly.

On Friday 25th we arrived at Malta about half-past eight. What anxiety there was as we neared the island to know whether we should be in time for the opera. Everybody who had ever been at Malta before at once became an authority, and I, having been quartered there, was quite a prophet. Dear old Malta! I was indeed glad to see it once again. As soon as we had fairly cast anchor,

I went with my young friend and another young fellow in a boat to the landing-place. The boatmen, as they plied their oars, were speculating as to what they could extort from us; but I took the opportunity of pointing out in a loud voice every feature of the harbour and every place of interest. It had the desired effect, for at last one man said, "Master, what regiment belong to?" He knew I was connected somehow or other with the place, so we got off with paying only *twice* as much as we ought to have paid. Once a member always a member was the maxim I went on, as I swaggered into the club with my friends. I showed them over it, and they were greatly delighted at seeing the frescoes on the ceiling, and feeling that they were in one of the palaces of the grand old Knights of Malta. We had cooling drinks, and then went to look round the place. It was too late to go to the opera, but I peeped in and saw my old violoncello-master playing away as he used to do in days long gone by. We next strolled down the Strada Reale, and went to the Grand Square to see the Palace and Main-

guard; everything just as it used to be, the electric clock going round with spasmodic jerks, the sentry pacing to and fro, and the usual idlers lounging about. It made me feel like a kind of Rip Van Winkle. Of course we went to Mauritche's, the cigar divan, for tobacco is always wanted on board-ship; old Mauritche was as usual sitting at the receipt of custom, smoking, surrounded by naval youngsters. He was puzzled at first to make me out, but when I told him I had been Inspector of Musketry under General Ridley he remembered me, and recalled the people I had been chiefly intimate with. I visited the English baker, a well-known character, who at once recognized me, and his comely wife reminded me that I had grounded a pair of slippers for her years ago. I well remembered what a god-send they were to me during one very hot summer, when cholera was raging and I was a prisoner to the house. After buying some bouquets we returned very tired on board. Next morning I was up betimes and hired a "go-cart" to take me to call on some old friends. Alas! the head of the family

was dead, and all the children scattered abroad; I tried to find out one married daughter, but succeeded only in finding my way into a girls' school; a very pretty daughter of the house condoled with me on my misfortune in not meeting my friend, but I was somewhat solaced by seeing such a pretty girl, and asked if a dancing or music-master was required in the establishment? A laughing "no" was the reply, and so with many apologies for the intrusion I departed.

I made one more ineffectual attempt to see some old friends, and then as time was running short I hurried on board, taking lots of flowers with me for those who had not had an opportunity of landing. Scarcely had I got on board when I heard my name mentioned; I looked round and saw an old friend, a doctor whom I had known well in former years. He told me that his wife had seen my name amongst the list of passengers, and had sent him on board to meet me. "Your wife! why then you must have married since we parted." "Oh, yes, I married our friend Mrs. S——." "And pray," I asked, "what has become of S——?" "Oh,

poor Tom is dead and buried long ago, and this (pointing to a fine girl) is our eldest daughter." How time flies! We had a good chat about old times and old friends, many, alas! dead and gone, and the doctor only said goodbye when the ship was starting and the propeller had given at least one turn. As we steamed out of the quarantine harbour a flood of recollections forced themselves upon me. I had been quartered in every barrack within sight, and in my capacity of Musketry Inspector, and occasionally as Acting Town-Major, I had become acquainted with every hole and corner of the place. We passed Pembroke Camp, the musketry dépôt, and I wondered whether the intelligent British soldier still worried the instructor by firing at the wrong target.

We soon sighted Tunis, weather still lovely. On Wednesday we were creeping along the low sandy shore, nearing Port Saïd. I had crossed the desert in every possible way except by water; I remembered the long gone-by days of the Mahmoudieh Canal with its uncomfortable boat; the changing into

the steamer at Atfeh amidst a host of naked black imps who loudly demanded backsheesh; the constant grounding of the steamer before reaching Cairo, and our being roused out of a mercifully bestowed slumber to go aft to lighten the boat forward, and so get her head off the mud-bank. Then I recalled Cairo, with its lovely and interesting scenery and its lights and shades; who ever saw such shadows as one sees in Grand Cairo? Then the donkeys, and the pyramids, and the magnificence in those early days of Shepperd's Hotel, and the pomposity of its owner; it was considered a swell thing to be seen talking to him, and those who frequented other hotels were immensely depreciated; and then last, not least, the caravan across the desert, the making up of the parties to fill the vehicles, the heart-burnings at being left out of very select ones, and the full conviction that one's own party was *the* party; the bumping, the jolting, cramps and aches, how delicate women could ever have stood it is still a mystery. In those days how many mirages we saw! and who would dare to own he had not seen one even if he

never had? All these things once had been, and had given way to the second era of the rail, which, though an improvement, also had its disadvantages of heat, dust, &c. Now I was to go by the third, and, unless ballooning is developed, the last route; namely in a floating hotel, 3,660 tons burden, across an arid plain eighty miles in length.

I was some time before I could fairly make out the light-house and town of Port Saïd, the land is so very low; at last I saw a thin streak of white foam stretching towards us, and that was the entrance to the canal, the white foam being caused by the waves breaking over the masses of stone that had been tilted into the sea to form a break-water, and thus prevent the sand from filling in the entrance. All these masses of stone were manufactured out there, of concrete, by means of machinery, and the labour must have been immense.

Port Saïd is a neat French-looking town, most regularly laid out, and rendered pretty by creepers, &c., which have been induced to grow over the houses, by means of abundant irrigation. The water for this purpose, and

indeed for every other, comes in pipes from Ismaila, forty miles away.

It was dusk when we anchored for the night, no vessels being allowed to proceed after sunset. The Captain was not at all anxious for any of his passengers to go on shore, and, whilst not absolutely pronouncing it to be dangerous, threw out hints that it would be unwise. I did not myself intend to land, as I fancied I could see pretty nearly as much from the ship as I could if I landed; but as I was standing by the companion, watching the groups on shore, I was accosted by two Melbourne young ladies, who sat near me at dinner, and who asked me to chaperon them on shore. I did not like to decline such an honour, but feeling uncertain as to the prudence of the expedition, I ventured to ask whether they thought it quite safe for ladies to venture on shore at that late hour—it was about eight p.m. They replied, "Oh yes, of course it is! we have both revolvers." By this time they were seated in the boat, and one offered to show me her six-shooter. She put her hand to her dress-pocket, but I implored her not to take

it out, for I well knew that revolvers always shoot the wrong person, and I felt that either her friend, the boatman, or myself would fall a victim. I gently remonstrated on the custom of ladies carrying revolvers, and was told that at Melbourne they always did so (a statement I beg to doubt), and that they were well accustomed to handling such implements. I escorted them about, and they bought an endless amount of trash. Entering a general store, we were attracted by the photographs lying on the counter, and to my astonishment I found amongst them a number of French ones, indiscriminately mixed with others, which were of a very indecent description. I can only hope my two young friends did not come across them.

The town was really clean for an Eastern one, streets broad, and neatly planted on either side with trees. Everything was fearfully dear; there were two good cafés, one Greek, the other French; the brilliant lighting and the sounds of a very fair orchestra, attracted the attention of my adventurous charges, and in they went. I saw at a

glance that it was scarcely a place for ladies, notwithstanding that the orchestra was almost entirely composed of the gentler sex. I remonstrated, feeling a little shy, after the episode of the photos.; but my friends thought it was a charming place, and in all innocence demanded to remain. Luckily at that moment I saw a married man passing with his wife—he had but lately gone home by this route and knew the place well; so I rushed out and asked him if the café was a desirable place for ladies, and, being assured that it was not, I hurried back to tell my young friends, and induced them to return on board ship with my friend and his wife. Having safely deposited them, I returned myself to the café, *simply* to see whether the character of the place had been *maligned*, and I am bound to say that it was fairly conducted, though not a place for ladies. The orchestra was good, chiefly consisting of young ladies in very pronounced evening costume. In one café a lady led the orchestra, playing herself vigorously on a violin. I also, for the first time in my life, saw a lady play the "cello;" she did so gracefully,

but I fancy, from watching her, that she played only a basso-part, as she seemed seldom to make use of any but the first shift.

I went on board tolerably early, not so all our passengers, and there was a hue and cry for one youngster who was missed at two p.m. A search was instituted, which ended in his being found quietly playing billiards; but it also brought to light a missionary hopelessly drunk, who was conducted on board. At daylight we commenced very quietly steaming along the canal; no ship is permitted to go more than five miles an hour, and every vessel is completely under the control of a pilot supplied by the Company.

At first the route is through a huge lagoon, carefully buoyed on either side, and you almost fancy yourself out at sea again. Immense flocks of sea-birds whirl and dash in every direction; it is impossible to give any description or idea of their number; they looked, when as they turned the light fell on them, like mountainous white clouds; I believe they are species of flamingo and pelican.

When you get into the cuttings it is very monotonous, nothing but straight sandy sides, here and there reeds growing, and occasionally tamarisk. Wherever you pass a station you see the result of irrigation in the few plantain trees, the melons, and creepers that adorn the simple little houses. The telegraph runs alongside the canal, and at various intervals the passage is made wider and deeper, so that vessels may pass each other; these places are called "gares." All these arrangements are regulated by signal from station to station. Sometimes there are many delays, and it takes several days to accomplish the transit; we were somewhat lucky in this respect..

As I said we left Port Saïd at sunrise and about three p.m. we reached Ismaila, on Lake Finsah. Here the formation of the canal was the most difficult, and the navigation most intricate. The dredging of a passage through a shallow lake was a great undertaking in itself: but the story goes that in order to give the Khedive a better view of vessels passing to and fro from his palace, a very awkward and sharp bend was

made in the middle of this huge lagoon, and though most carefully buoyed out, it is always a terror to captains; be this as it may, one thing is certain, many ships stick here, and we were no exception. They stupidly change pilots here also, and the new pilot had just gone on the bridge and was grimacing and doing the civil to the old one, offering him a light for a cigarette and saying he trusted that Madame his wife enjoyed good health, &c., when lo, a bump and a general flurry, shouts of turn "astern full speed," then, "turn ahead full speed," but alas! no go, we were as fast as nails. I pitied our good captain, who was sorely exercised in his mind to see his fine ship lying there like a log by no fault of his, for in reality he had no power in the matter. However he soon put these worthy gentlemen on one side, and did all he could to get us off: we even tried "rolling her," which process consists in every living soul getting on the starboard side, and then at a given signal running over to port, and so on, backwards and forwards, in the hope of making the ship work herself a little way out of her bed.

It was useless, so we had to make up our minds to remain till a tug could come from Suez to our rescue. It was not a little trying to see so many ships quietly passing us; but it was more serious to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, for the delay was estimated to cost about four hundred pounds by the time the expenses of tug, lighters, coolies &c., were paid for. The captain assured me there was no redress: they *must* take the pilot allotted to them, and abide by his orders. In the cool of the evening a boat-load of passengers went on shore; they returned sadder but wiser men, they had seen nothing.

All that night we were in a continual bustle, putting all the Bombay luggage and cargo on board rafts to lighten the ship. In the morning the tug arrived, and hawsers were paid out, and fastened to buoys; then came such pulling, hauling, and shouting, but not a movement. Really sailors are most good-tempered men. Notwithstanding the torrent of questions that were poured on them by passengers, they were always civil, and never snapped at one, as many others

would have done. Our Captain was the quintessence of good temper, and if any lady wants a good-natured husband, I can strongly recommend him; only send me a stamped envelope and I'll enclose his name.

At last we felt a heave, then a move, and then decidedly we floated, but the passage was so narrow, and the buoys so close and numerous, that in swinging round our screw fouled a buoy. Here, indeed, was a pretty kettle of fish! If anything happened to our screw good-bye to reaching Ceylon in the "Australia;" but here, again, our guardians were equal to the emergency. The carpenter and an officer went over board and under water, and in about half-an-hour we were free. A loud cheer announced our being actually under weigh. We now slowly wended our way through deep cuttings, somewhat happier in the assurance that we had passed the worst half of our canal journey.

It was rather humiliating to me, as an Englishman, to feel that we were making the chief use of a work that, as a nation,

we had thrown the utmost cold water on (I speak metaphorically, for if we really could have thrown cold water it would have been an advantage). I remembered how our greatest engineer had pronounced it impracticable, and called also to mind Lord Palmerston's grand sneers, and I felt that we had rather over-estimated that statesman, not only in this but in other things, and that the much-abused Prince Consort, to whom he was no friend, had left to posterity a memory much more pleasing and genuine.

We grounded again, just before we anchored for the night, but it was only a slight graze in a narrow part, where we could, if necessary, by means of an anchor and hawser on the shore, have pulled ourselves off. We passed many dead camels. Poor things! They seem to have died from want of water—to have come down to the water's edge to drink, and, finding it salt, died of a broken heart.

Whilst lying at anchor I went on deck; the calm stillness of the night, the glorious clearness of the sky, and the intense brightness of the stars, will never be forgotten. I

here mention a curious scene which would have given a fitting theme to Carl Haag. We we were lying in a deep cutting, the dredging machine having cast up a mountainous range of sand on either side. Everywhere a calm reigned, unbroken by the ripple of a single wave. The moon was shining; at an open piano on deck a lady with a superb voice was singing, "Non è ver," and, in the deep stillness, standing in glorious bold relief on the summit of a sand-hill, two dark Bedouins, perfectly motionless, were listening intently to the music, and doubtless wondering at the scene which lay beneath them. How it must have puzzled them to contemplate the vast work that had been accomplished in bringing a navigable river across their sandy home; how they must have wondered at the great puffing, groaning monster that lay there, freighted with living beings; what stories would they not tell their simple childish wives at home, of the houris they saw in snowy white garments, pouring forth music that the Bulbul itself might sing! Well, I daresay, instead, they went home, thrashed their wives, and told them they had seen a

pack of pork-eating infidels and brazen devils, who did not hide their faces from the impudent gaze of men. To me the contrast was very striking; the bright, lively scene on deck *versus* the still silent gloom on shore, and the intellect and culture of the West pitted against the primitive ignorance and stolid bigotry of the East.

CHAPTER II.

THE DONKEY SHEIK—QUEER NAMESAKES—THE RED SEA —TRUE HEROISM—SLIPPERY TRADERS—A PLEASANT FORTNIGHT—OUR "ANCIENT MARINER"—FIRST SIGHT OF AUSTRALIA.

ONWARDS we went at daybreak, reaching the docks at Suez about nine a.m. Here everything was altered from what I remembered in days gone by. Then the stately vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Co. lay moored, as we imagined, far out at sea, and we were conveyed to them in huge creaky Egyptian boats, manned by black-looking demons, with scarcely any garments to hide their nakedness. Now we glided into a spacious dock, with a railroad running its whole length, surrounded by acres of sheds and workshops. The inevitable donkeys were meekly standing awaiting us, reckoning, poor beasts, doubtless on their harvest of blows, as their

owners reckoned on their harvest of piastres. They have a quaint habit here of calling their donkeys after European celebrities, and it is wonderful how these Arabs pick up their information. One rascal, who called himself "the Sheik of the donkeys," and who was a villain of the deepest dye (insulting ladies whenever he could do so without fear of a good hiding), was extremely well up in his lesson. "Sar, sar," he cried, "too muchy fine donkey, this Mrs. Besant's fruits of *feelosophe!*" or again, "You ride, sar, good donkey, Maudee Branscombe!"

I doubt whether certain well-known gentlemen in London would have been flattered if they had heard their wives' names bandied about by these black fellows, and applied to their donkeys in anything but a delicate manner. The ride into Suez was about a mile and a half in length, and I was engaged by a lady to escort her, on strict promise that I would not leave her, or go for a walk. It certainly was a difficult task to keep the donkeys at walk when troops of others were galloping past under the influence of yells and blows. My rascal informed me that I was

riding "too much A 1 donkey, Pope of Rome." I looked at him in surprise, and the cunning fellow, fancying I was a Roman Catholic, and was displeased at the use of that name, immediately corrected himself, and said "No, no; too much Bishop of London!" This shows how shrewd and quick-witted these rascals are.

We came into Suez "a good last," but my charge was satisfied at having escaped a jolting. One lady was very ill from having in the scamper lost her hat. I think the sun even in those few moments must have affected her head. However, a little brandy and water and rest—added I must say to a woman's pluck—soon brought her round. Oh, how I hate Suez! It is associated in my mind with misery, discomfort, murder, extortion, and also with one of the most miserable days in my life. It is also associated with the fact that here I once, and only once, killed a bird with a stone—accidentally. I never expected to do so, but I hurled a stone at a venture, and the bird was hit, having, I am sure, put itself in the way on purpose!

We traversed the bazaars—they were more filthy than ever. There were more blind beggars, more loathsome sores exposed to excite charity, more flies, more stench, and more squalid poverty than ever. I aired my Turkish a little, and was glad to find it was understood. I made some of the soldiers understand I had served with them in the Crimea, and thereby got a profusion of salaams. I need scarcely say I bought nothing, and I pitied those that did.

We had the usual fight about payment; the donkey-men insisting on having four shillings each where fourpence would have been ample; however, with ladies under escort it is better to pay than fight. Some of our passengers, I am glad to say, later on, thought otherwise, and gave their donkey-men a good thrashing. The donkey sheik was ducked in the dock-basin, much to his disgust.

I forgot to say that, in consequence of our disgust at the donkey-men, we came to the ship from the hotel by boat. The "Ries" had his little son on board, and it was a redeeming feature in the man to see his

affection for his child. It was the "one touch of Nature." Many passengers left us here for Bombay to proceed in the "Mongolia." I went to see my fellow cabin-passenger (a gallant V.C. man) on board, and thought her a fine vessel.

The manager of the hotel told me that the canal and rail had ruined his business; they take little or no money now.

We left Suez at daybreak; it was a lovely morning. The "Serapis" which had left Malta before us was just steaming in as we steamed out. The "Mongolia" followed; it was quite imposing. By noon we were fairly in the Red Sea; the "Mongolia" had become a mere speck, left far behind. Endless were the questions as to how hot it would be. I had been four times up and down, and had never found it insupportably hot; but I was considered an impostor by those who remembered how "on one occasion the water actually boiled with the heat;" and some declared that the steamer had to be turned to meet the wind, because the engineers and stokers were dying for want of air. It might have been, but I never

found it so. I was amused at the various theories propounded to account for the sea being called "Red." One attributed it to the red and burnt look of the coast; another to the masses of red matter often seen floating on it (the captain said he had noticed this phenomenon); a third said it came from the name of the border tribes (this theory is, I think, adopted from ancient Egyptian writers); the fourth idea was that the name was given on account of the great heat experienced there. I may add that no one adopted my theory that it was called "red" on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because the water was blue.

I find in my diary that the three next days are merely entered as "hot! hotter!! and much hotter!!!" but I note that I never record the thermometer over ninety degrees in the shade under the awning. Thermometers, however, are not a very good test of one's feelings under heat or cold, for I remember many days at Kertch during the winter when the thermometer ranged thirty degrees of frost, and it was not very cold.

We sighted Aden towards sunset on the 6th of November. The weather was cooler; very few passengers went on shore, it was too late. The town seemed somewhat improved since I last saw it; and a sanatorium had been built, but I heard that the hotel was as bad as ever. How well I remembered being there as a cadet, and being caught (I suppose I must say) gambling (for we were playing for stakes higher than boys could afford) by that good and grand soldier, Sir James Outram, then Colonel Outram. He merely said, "Drop those cards, you young blackguards, and come and sup with me." He gave us a good supper, and told us never to gamble again; I, for one, have adopted his advice. I think every boy on board worshipped that man; and in after-years, when I served under him at Lucknow, I reminded him of his kindness to us cadets at Aden. His life was one great kindness. He was my perfection of a soldier.

On the morning of the 7th we left Aden; the weather had changed, it was cooler and rougher. The 8th is marked as very rough, and I grieve to record the fact that I was

unable to go to breakfast; this hurt my feelings, for, like the Captain of the "Pinafore," "I'm never sick at sea," or rather, "hardly ever." The heat had upset me; ditto with lots of others. It was quite amusing to notice the heroism of many passengers, especially the cricketers, all of whom were charming fellows, but not at all good sailors. Many of my patients, who, I had fondly hoped, had got over their troubles, caved in here, and broke out afresh. It was interesting to see how bravely many of them struggled with their enemy. One brawny cricketer amused me much; I saw him poking about the saloon doorway just after the bell had rung for lunch, and I congratulated him on his intended appearance at that meal, but he, shaking his head sadly, informed me he was only trying to accustom himself to the smell of the savoury viands. "I come down," he said, "to every meal to get a sniff; perhaps in time I shall be able to stay it out." He was worthy of a V.C.

I have no record of anything very interesting happening, except that one day we saw

a school of dolphins, consisting of many thousands; it was quite a sight. I also saw what I thought was a nautilus; but one of those extremely clever people whom you sometimes meet, and who fancy they know everything, said it was something else with a prodigious name. As he did not see the creature, and I did, I still think it was a nautilus, and not the thing with the awful name.

I wonder if everyone is fascinated with the stars in these latitudes? I know I was; and as I contemplated them with a nice, gentle creature by my side, whose intellect was as bright as these same stars, and whose mind was as pure as the clear vault above, no wonder I found the process doubly pleasant and fascinating.

I think we had two deaths among the crew, but that was the only misfortune I have to record that happened on the "Australia;" everything went smoothly and pleasantly, so much so that one lady said to me that it was the most stupid ship she ever was in; there had not been a single quarrel or one real flirtation!

On Friday, the 15th of November, we

reached Galle. Lady Barker has somewhere said that "boardship is a very hot-bed for nursing friendships," and I felt it fully here. How sorry I was to part with many, how carefully I entered their names in a private part of my diary, that I may never forget them! I wonder if I shall ever see my sweet little "Joan" again? how well I remember her, during that hot weather in the Red Sea, toddling about with not much more on her than a New Guinea princess usually wears? She always called me "man," and when she declined to allow me to go away, she used to say piteously, "More man!"

All the beauties of the world-renowned harbour of Galle did not compensate for parting with so many friends; and as I had been on shore five or six times before, I contented myself with going straight on to the "Assam," and getting our traps straight and tidy in the cabin. The day was very showery, so I did not lose much, and I had time to study the villainy of the Cingalese jewellers. What bargains they offered! Diamond rings that could not be purchased in England under one hundred and fifty

pounds for five pounds, warranted real, with a written guarantee. "Master, please buy, give one pound down and a cheque for the other four pounds." It was really tempting one to cheat them, but I well knew that the one pound was full value for the article. One case will suffice; a rascal asked twenty rupees (two pounds) for a ring; I advised the intending purchaser—a young lady—to offer him one rupee. After a very indignant refusal he came back and said, "Missy, please give one and half rupees (three shillings). She gave it, but paid at least twice too much, for the ring was brass wire gilded, and made in Birmingham at about two shillings per dozen.

I remember the celebrated Sir William Peel, of the "Shannon," telling me that on one occasion a man came into his cabin to sell rings, and, finding that he could not do business, he made Peel a sporting offer for the imitation opal door-handles of the cabin, to manufacture into the real things, and, failing that, he was delighted at getting a hock-bottle cheap. I wonder who bought rubies about that time!

Well, notwithstanding all this knowledge, I was tempted to buy a ring to give away as a present; let us hope mine was the only genuine one ever sold, and that it will bring good luck to the fair wearer. A friend of mine did a good business there with an umbrella. He was going where such articles are not of much use, and so he sold his, second-hand, for as much as he gave for it. With all this demoralisation on the score of precious stones, it is delightful to notice the honesty of the natives with regard to washing clothes. You may entrust, as many did, pounds worth of linen to them any morning, and every article will be returned, as white as driven snow, by the appointed hour, generally four p.m. And, in the matter of gems, I question who is the greatest rogue, the man who buys a diamond for five pounds, knowing well that if worth anything it is worth fifty pounds, or the man who sells it for five pounds, knowing it to be worth a shilling. One plays, as he thinks, his cuteness against the other's, and it is simply that one man's roguery goes further than the other man's vanity.

We were just thinking of starting when Colonel S—— came on board, with two or three other friends, to see our ship, and say one last farewell. It was so nice to see them for a few moments again, and do the hospitalities of our new home. "A new ship and a new sea." Alas! I have to record a very rough day just after we left Galle, but I find that I have also entered that we were very comfortable and had a cabin to ourselves.

We had time now to look round and spy out new passengers. We looked at them, and walked round them, as hounds do when a new draft is entered. On Sunday, 17th, at nine a.m., we crossed the Line. I was much disappointed; there was no ceremony, and I did not even feel a grating as I passed over it; nothing visible to the naked eye; in fact, hard lines!

We had taken the Bishop of Christchurch, with his son-in-law, daughter, and granddaughter, on board at Galle. He performed service and preached an excellent sermon. And now we were fairly launched on the longest part of our sea-voyage; we should

not sight land for thirteen days. How were we to kill time? How drive away *ennui*? Fortunately we had the cricketers on board, and they were a host in themselves, such cheery good fellows, such thorough gentlemen. I have seen many games played at sea, but never cricket, until these worthies inaugurated it. In a couple of days there was a dearth of balls, all had gone overboard, then others were manufactured of canvas, &c.; at last they played with one sewn up in canvas attached to a string, so that when it went overboard it could be hauled in again. Lawn-tennis was very successfully introduced, as also rounders, but on a wet deck the latter was a very perilous sport. Then we had four o'clock tea, with euchre to follow; then kiss-in-the-ring without the kissing (verily Othello without a Moor. I do not mean "*amour*"). This game played with two rings is very amusing, and in these *blasé* days it was refreshing to see anyone thoroughly enjoy anything innocent and sensible. Music was not much encouraged on board the "Assam." On the other ship the piano was brought up every fine evening on deck, and

dancing and singing were the usual evening amusements, but the piano on board the "Assam" was not a moveable article, excepting on Sundays, when it was placed in the centre of the cabin for Divine service; however, "Pinafore" had had a run even on the "Assam." Euchre and whist filled up odd moments. I, remembering my Aden lesson (before recounted), invariably played for love, and I found there were always plenty to join my game, and it amused one not a little to hear some swaggerers proclaim that they never played cards unless it was made worth their while. It was wonderful how time slipped by, yet I must confess that this was by far the most uninteresting and tedious part of my journey. The "skipper" was a very fidgetty old man; he was called the "ancient mariner," and could not bear laughter or merriment, such as the cricketers' games usually evoked. He also disliked anyone overhauling the ship in a critical or professional manner. The result was that the youngsters used to stand, when they saw him on deck, and look knowingly first at one spar and then at the other, and regularly

take stock of the ship from stem to stern. This generally caused a hurried "My goodness! my goodness! what's the matter?" from him, and a rush up and down to find the officer on watch, who, I daresay, heard something not to his advantage. But the thing that fetched the "ancient mariner" most, was for two or three to go together and look overboad mysteriously at the ports on one side, and then rush and look over the other side; this brought visions of shipping seas into the good man's mind, and caused the greatest solicitude, much to the amusement of those concerned in the joke. How youngsters do find out the weak points in a man's character!

Time jogged away pleasantly, till on Thursday 28th, we sighted the largest island in the world. It seemed so strange to contemplate, that with all our trade, east and west, this huge continent should not have been sooner discovered, or even been heard of. At six a.m., next day, land was fairly visible, and we coasted along all that day in sight of it. The coast seemed rugged, and every here and there large masses

of sand appeared to run up inland, looking as if it had been drifted up to an immense height. As we got nearer we noticed the mass of low-growing shrubs, called in all the colonies "bush," just as in India it is called "jungle." At half-past four p.m., next day, we made "King George's Sound." The entrance into the harbour was very fine, and the bay itself looked like a grand lake. The woods run down to the water's edge.

Albany, the name of the settlement, is a very small place, with roads marked out, but as yet nothing like a street. I landed with a boat-load of passengers, and I felt a sort of thrill steal over me as I first placed my foot on this strange interesting land; and, oh! how pleasant it was, to see the very same weeds and wild flowers growing along the road that one sees in the outskirts of London, amongst others that peculiar kind of bastard rye which I never saw grow except near towns. I joined some of the cricketers, and we wandered towards the church, a very neat little structure. We then went on to the brow of the hill, where the boulders were more prominent, and the bush more pronounced.

Oh! how I revelled in the flowers, flowers that in all my travels in India, Burmah, Crimea, and Europe, I had never seen before, and of which I did not even know the order or genus; but those I did know something about, were a wealth in themselves: banksias, vetches, ixias, gladioli, geraniums, ferns, and others. Whilst we were mooning about, and my friends were bringing me fresh specimens of ferns and flowers, we came across some genuine aborigines; of course they knew what money was, who ever saw a native of any clime or soil that did not? They threw boomerangs and spears for us (of course, for money), in a most unsuccessful manner; in fact it was a fraud, and as an exhibition of skill not worth a penny; indeed, unless, under other circumstances, they could throw it to better advantage, the pot must often have been very empty. These people are simply hideous, their wives are even worse, but the babies were just tolerable. Their dirt and rags were sickening, but they had good characters for being quiet and inoffensive, and were sufficiently honest to be allowed to prowl about.

I could see no cultivation, even from a top-most hill. I saw only miles of bush stretching over a lovely plain; but I understood that patches of it were cultivated, and wool brought into Albany in some quantity. As we strolled back we came across more cricketers, and found Lady Harris perched on a rock, amidst a profusion of flowers, with two or three black demons bothering her for money. We put a sixpence on a stick at about ten yards off, and the fellows managed at last to knock it off by a side stroke. My young charge had gone with two others to what was by courtesy called an hotel, and had there devoured about twenty eggs, and hidden bread and butter enough to last him for a life-time. He did not show up at dinner, but made a good supper afterwards. It was very rough coming off. On the whole, I was charmed with my first peep at Australia, and my bouquets of flowers formed a source of delight for many days. We coursed onwards, with a cold wind blowing, and enjoyed watching the majestic albatross swirling down on bits of bread thrown over-board. Whales also

caused much excitement. At last, on the 2nd of December, the time arrived for saying goodbye to the cricketers. It would be presumptuous in anyone to offer testimony in their favour, for everyone knows that they were English gentlemen of high character; but still all English gentlemen have not the faculty or inclination for making everybody on board merry and happy, as these men did. As for Lady Harris, I think that the juveniles of our party will never forget her, and I know that, when I got to Sydney, the report of her kindness had already reached the place, and some little people of my acquaintance were very anxious to see her again.

A deputation headed by the Mayor came off from Adelaide to welcome the "team." They were got up in a very spirited manner, and evinced every desire to assist their newly-arrived guests in getting on board a steamer that had been specially sent off to meet them. Our last choruses had been sung, the last firm shake of the hand given, amidst a pandemonium not easily described. A pitch-dark night was only illumined by

glowing flames issuing from unknown regions connected with furnaces on board the little tug; lamps were flitting to and fro; cheers on cheers, amounting to screams and yells burst forth, then a shrill whistle, succeeded by a dull ominous silence, and we knew our friends were gone. Amongst them was one gentle creature, who had been a terrible invalid from sea-sickness all the way out, and bore her sufferings with such patient sweetness that all tried to do whatever they could to assist her. I hope she will recognise this sketch, and that she returned home safe and sound to her dear boys whom she longed so for. Was there much grog drunk that night? I dare not answer the question; either some of my friends were "screwed" or the ship was more unsteady than usual. Some had head-aches next morning, my young charge suddenly took to teetotalism—it only continued for three days. He said he over-shouted himself, that was all. I am sure I missed the cricketers, for I find nothing entered in my diary next day but "ship very deserted, and sea very rough."

On the 4th of December we got into Mel-

bourne at half-past twelve a.m., and here let me advise persons intending to go by this route to New Zealand not to book further than Melbourne. We booked through and deeply regretted it. In the first place we only caught the mail-boat that was to take us on by three hours; every cabin was taken by those who had booked on the spot, and nothing was reserved for those who had paid their money in London, so one or two gentlemen got no berths at all. The authorities at Melbourne (post-office I believe) were anything but civil. They said that all they cared for were the mails, and the other males might be d—d for all they cared. I got my young friend all ready in good time, and we, by our own exertions, got our baggage on board the mail-boat, and then through the offices of the first officer of the "Assam" we slipped down the companion and squatted amidst the mail-bags. Some objection was raised, but we were there and would not move. At last we shoved off and went on board the "Arawata," which lay only a few yards off. The boatmen made us pay ten shillings for the

passage which ought to have been gratis; however, we did not grudge it, for we hunted up a steward and secured the only vacant cabin on board.

Presently the rest of the passengers came, and all managed, save two, to find a crib somewhere. At six a.m. we were off; here I said "good-bye" to many friends, and also to the Peninsular and Oriental Company. I have travelled by this Company for thirty years, and I must say it is terribly deteriorated. I travelled by seven other companies this journey, and I am bound to say the Peninsular and Oriental was the worst of the lot. The officers are superior as a body to those of any company I have met with, but there is serious mismanagement somewhere, and the grumbling on board both ships in reference to food was incessant. I cannot say the passengers were by any means a cantankerous set. Judging by other companies, and considering the subsidy they get for carrying mails, things ought to be done better. The European portion of the crew and stewards are terribly overworked, but I shudder to think what would

have become of us in case of an accident, with so few Europeans on board.* The officers are so completely up to their work that the chances of accident are reduced to a minimum. There is too much officialism on board, and not the same constant endeavour to oblige the passengers that there is in the American and Pacific lines and the great Atlantic Companies. However, one ought to speak well of the bridge that carries one over, and I would gladly do so, but if the Company want to keep their passenger traffic, they must mend their ways.

* Since writing the above the "Australia" has come to grief by an unavoidable accident. I noticed that the Captain had to bring the European quartermasters to a police court for cowardly conduct. So after all the poor natives are not so much to be despised.

CHAPTER III.

EUCHRE ON SUNDAY—PORT CHALMERS—A ROMANTIC STORY—USEFUL HINTS IN CASE OF FIRE—SHOUTING FOR A BISHOP—LADS TO MAKE COLONISTS OF.

THE "Arawata," in which I now travelled, was what is termed a very wet boat; in fact she went so fast that she regularly ran through the waves instead of riding over them, and necessarily shipped a good deal of water. She was very well found and most admirably handled by her captain, who was the most pleasant and highly educated man of that class I ever met with. All my captains were nice, but this gentleman was very superior. We were terribly crowded, having on board Mr. Rignold, the tragedian, and a portion of his company, who were going to play Henry V. at Wellington. I was sorry to see so little of Melbourne, and fully in-

tended returning there, but was prevented by unavoidable circumstances from so doing: even a glimpse however enabled me to see what a fine city it was. The run down to the Heads was very fine, but, when we got to what is called the "Rip," the taste for scenery in many was succeeded by an overpowering necessity for looking overboard; it was truly awfully rough. I find entered in my note-book "Everybody miserable," and I conclude I was so also, for the decks were wet and the weather extremely cold: however we made in the twenty-four hours three hundred and twenty miles, which was the best run that I have to record in all my journey. We only just sighted Tasmania. This part of my travels was very interesting there was so much life all round, and we were constantly summoned to look at whales, and other marine monsters. Owing to some slight disarrangement of a steam-pipe, we stopped for about half-an-hour to repair, and in that short time succeeded in catching an albatross, small but of very good plumage. It measured ten feet three inches across the wings. Here I and my friend,

scandalized the good people by playing euchre on Sunday. In our many changes we had entirely forgotten the days of the week, and it was only on being summoned to divine service that we became aware that it was Sunday; of course we apologized for such a sad breach of decorum.

Time passed pleasantly enough, and I was very lucky in having the Bishop of Christchurch and his son on board, for they were able to tell me so much about the beautiful new country I was about to visit. How their hearts must have warmed when we sighted the land that they both had had such a hand in developing! At half past nine a.m. on the 9th December, we sighted land. The coast seemed splendid, and far inland lay a beautiful range of mountains, crowned by Mount Cook, lifting his snowy head 13,200 feet above the level of the sea. Breakfast was a service of danger; the sea was running so high that two cups of coffee went *over*, not *into* my stomach. At half past three we were running just between Cook Island and the mainland, everyone had got himself up for landing, and all were looking in rapt

attention on the lonely hillside, covered with Manuca bush, when a huge wave came over the stern and flooded the deck, wetting many over their ancles. Oh, the misery of boots that have been well saturated with salt water!

We took in a pilot, who came off in a boat from a sweet, neat little house near the water's edge, and then we ran in for the Bluffs. I landed and strolled about looking for wild flowers. I was much struck with the absence of any great variety, after having in Australia found such an abundance. There are only a few neat wooden houses at the Bluffs, as it is merely a place of call for those going on to Otago. We parted here with a Mr. and Mrs. B—— and a sister of Mrs. B——'s—very nice people; so cheerful and good-tempered. They were about to make a trial of the new country, because, like so many others, they were crowded out of the old one.

Starting early next morning, we steamed placidly along, always well in sight of land. The coast seemed very rugged, but well wooded. Inland the snowy summit of Mount

Cook was always plainly visible. Every here and there, where a stream had worked its way into the ocean, there seemed a wreath of rich pasture down to the water's edge. At last we got to the entrance to Port Chalmers. The day was lovely, and I do not think the beauty of the entrance to this harbour will ever be forgotten. I have seen many before and since, and few can equal, none can surpass it. Of course the fineness of the day had much to do with it, as the sunshine gave the water, every here and there, that lovely metallic green and blue hue that you see in the Mediterranean. The entrance, from shore to shore, is wide enough; but the passage is so narrow that it requires very skilful navigation. The wild fowl swimming about seemed scarcely to fear the ship, and either fled lazily away to escape being run over, or simply swam on one side and looked at us. Parts of the hillsides of the entrance to the harbour are very steep and grand, and the course of the channel led us so closely under over-hanging rocks that they looked near enough to throw a cricket ball on shore. The water was intensely

blue just round us, and a lovely green a few yards off. Every here and there the hill-sides sloped down, covered with vivid green sward, dotted with trees to the water's edge, looking like an English park; altogether it reminded me of Queenstown and the Isle of Wight combined.

We passed a very neat Maori settlement, with a picturesque church and school-house. The Bishop told me that the congregation were very sincere, and the pastor an earnest man. He was a pure Maori; but sufficiently well educated to be able to read the lessons in English at the cathedral on special occasions. There are but few Maoris left in the South Island, and those few are, I understand, real Christians. I was fortunate enough to travel with one of the oldest inhabitants of the South Island, a gentleman well known to the Bishop. His story was rather romantic. He had married a Maori chief's daughter, whom he had, I believe, rescued from drowning, and she in return had nursed him through a deadly fever. They then had married according to the English rites. The children were very fine specimens of humanity, and

the father was very proud of them; but, poor man, in his desire to give them every advantage of education, he unfortunately sent them, I think, to Australia, to school; the climate did not suit them, and two out of the three died. The one remaining boy was at school at Christchurch, and was, I heard, getting on well. I was indebted to this gentleman for much information and many kindnesses, and I hope that I have related his history correctly, and that he will pardon my having alluded to it.

Port Chalmers is the harbour for Dunedin, a large town some ten miles off. The inhabitants may well be proud of the exertions to which they owe the possession of such a city. Whilst standing in front of a very fine post and telegraph office, the bishop told me that he had seen a cob lying dead in a swamp, on that very spot, not forty years before. There are very fine dry docks here, of which, I think, there are only two in these parts, the other being at Sydney. We went by a very pretty line of rail to Dunedin; the city is picturesquely situated on the slope of a somewhat

steep hill. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants; the houses are chiefly wooden, covered with stones, which gives it a good appearance. On account of fire almost every house is detached, and insurance, of course, is very high. The streets are well laid out and very wide, shops very good, and there is a comfortable club. The Scotch Cathedral is very imposing—altogether it is a place well worth seeing. I was somewhat astonished to find Mrs. Besant's "Fruits of Philosophy" publicly advertised for sale at a small price. Late in the evening I returned by rail to our ship.

It rained almost all the morning, but I got out for a stroll, and collected a few ferns and flowers; the walk along the harbour is very pretty. We were detained until midday in consequence of a meeting of directors, as the "Arawata," together with all ships of McMeckan and Blackwood's line, had just changed hands, and this was the first entrance into the headquarters of any of them since the new company had started. Unfortunately this delay prevented my seeing the coast between Port Chalmers and

Port Lyttleton. We arrived at the latter port at seven a.m., and took the morning train to Christchurch. This line is a glorious record of the energy of the young colony.

To reach Christchurch, which, as the crow flies, is, I think, only six or ten miles from Port Lyttleton, they had in days gone by to make a terrible detour to avoid the steepness of a considerable range of hills. The plucky little colony determined to tunnel right through this range, which cost a fabulous sum of money. I asked Mr. Acland if the line paid any dividend. "Dividend," he said, "of course it does; the first bottle of beer I drank after the line was opened cost me only a shilling instead of eighteenpence—that is dividend enough for any reasonable man. Besides," he added, "I now get my wool shipped without any bother, and at half the former expense." I could not help remembering that I lived fourteen miles from a railway, and that Cardigan, my county and assize town, could not get a rail carried on a paltry ten miles, such a lack is there of enterprise, or rather,

such an utter ignorance of what is for the public good.

We went by this pretty little line to Christchurch, passing through the long tunnel, and then through a portion of the celebrated Canterbury Plains; they seemed very rich, although we saw them at a most unfavourable time, as no rain had fallen for months. Christchurch is a sweet spot, the sort of place to make a man feel at peace with all the world; it looks so good and quiet, and is so neat and well laid out. It is intersected by a good stream, and water is turned on to all the streets to flush out the drains; but I fancy there is not a good supply of drinking water, which is chiefly got from wells. The cathedral when finished will be a noble edifice. The museum is fairly good, and boasts of the finest skeletons of the extinct "Moa" in the world; I saw some about ten feet high; they must have been fine birds; their eggs are huge. An excellent college in neatly kept grounds stands near the museum. We went over the Botanical Gardens; they are tastefully laid out, but require more labour expended

on them. There seems to have been a laudable desire to try all English flowers, grasses, and vegetables, so I did not come across very many new acquaintances. Just opposite to the gardens stands a very fine range of buildings, which I understand to be a hospital. I was sorry to part with the bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Acland.

I had time, before we started, to walk about Port Lyttleton a bit, and with a nice companion strolled up the hill to the churchyard, and saw the view therefrom. Our passage on to Wellington was very rough. I almost doubt whether I had much worse weather anywhere; but we went right through it at thirteen knots an hour, and reached Hobson's Bay at eight a.m. The harbour is fine, but lacks the wooded sides that make other harbours so lovely. Wellington, considering its age, is a perfect marvel. We hear so much of American enterprise, and the wonders they have accomplished, that we are apt to over-look our own children's industry. A slight jealousy still exists against Wellington, because it has been selected as the seat of government, but

I cannot imagine any unprejudiced person ever thinking of giving the preference to any other locality that I visited. Its very position in regard to Australia alone, to say nothing of its centrality in reference to the North and South Islands, would give it precedence in my estimation. The town is very neatly and carefully laid out, taking into consideration the nature of the ground on which it stands. Almost all the buildings are of wood, chiefly on account of earthquakes; but this dread will soon wear away, when money is to be had for making good concrete foundations, on which to erect more solid buildings. We went to the Occidental Hotel, and I was amused at the printed notices which hung outside every bed-room door. They ran thus: "Instructions in case of fire.—No. 1. Keep your wits about you.—No. 2. If the fire is small, put it out yourself without alarming the house;" and then it went on to point out where the water-plugs and hose were kept, winding up by telling you that there was a knotted rope in your room, which you could attach to your bed and let yourself (if absolutely

necessary) out of your window. Shrewd people these! If all would keep their wits about them, how many lives would be saved in cases of fire!

The Banks, Insurance Offices, and public buildings are all of stone, and are very handsome. An immense frontage has been recovered from the sea by cutting and filling in from neighbouring hills, and is a very valuable property. The shops are unusually good, things somewhat dear, but not unreasonably so. The boarding at the Hotel was moderate. The grand feature, however, of the place, is the delightful steam-tram, that runs from one end of the town to the other, and for three pence you can go for as many miles most comfortably. There is no noise, no danger, and, as far as I could see, no inconvenience to traffic. The streets are very wide, and the tram occupies the centre; it pulls up as easily as a bus, and no one ever crosses the street without first looking right and left to see if the coast is clear. I inquired, but could hear of no accidents, and personally I was never inconvenienced by it, although, being unused to such things, I was

a little fidgety lest I myself or some one else should be run over.

There is a good club, and the members are very hospitable to strangers. On landing, I was anxious for letters respecting the destination of my charge. I telegraphed up country, and soon got an answer that Mr. A—— was at Wanganui, and ready to receive us. We found that a considerable portion of the road had been rendered impassable by a recent storm of thunder and rain (this storm we had experienced the night before), and that we should, if we travelled by mail, have to walk some ten miles; so we determined to go on by a small coasting steamer, called the "Storm-bird," and it fully realised its name. Before we got outside the barrier rocks, I for one could not stand, but had to sit or lie, and hold on like grim death. Our Captain was a regular old salt; if there was not a powerful lot of gin in his jolly red nose, he ought to bring an action for libel against that feature; it looked like a beacon. That boat did take violent exercise, but my friend and self had travelled too many miles to mind a bit of rolling. I looked anxiously at

the place I was told we were to sleep in; it reminded me of the puzzle of the five stalls and the six horses, and seemed an impossibility. Before turning in I took a look round, and I saw through the window of the Captain's cabin something very like the shadow of the Captain himself, with an inverted "rummer" to his lips; I also smelt whiskey. The boat went considerably smoother after that night-cap, so I made a mem. "When the ship rolls, give the skipper a strong dose of grog." I have since found it answers well, especially if you join him yourself. A Pullman's Car is ingenious in its way, a sort of Maskelyne and Cook trick, but the way that cabin was made to hold sixteen was a better piece of juggling; however, it was done, and we all had a bunk. The combination of snores at five a.m. was singular; one man snored till he awoke himself, and then was angry with his neighbour (a very mild snorer) for disturbing him. A hasty wash on deck in the morning refreshed us, and we settled down to an ample breakfast, in the hole in which just before we had been packed sixteen deep.

We arrived at ten a.m. off the Wanganui River; there was too little water for us to cross the bar, so the captain very civilly turned out to sea a bit, and let us fish for "snappers," a nice fish, something like a salmon, of which several were caught. As soon as high water was signalled from the signal-house off the bar, we heaved anchor, and steamed quietly up the river. The sides in places were steep, and where a landslip had taken place you could see what a depth of good soil there was.

Wanganui is a pretty little town, well planned. It was brought prominently into notice during the last Maori War, as a large "pah" existed in the vicinity; it is now the centre of a rich agricultural district, and likely, if not over-done, to become an important place; once get the goods for export to Wanganui, and the difficulties of the bar will be easily overcome. Our friend Mr. A—— was on the jetty to meet us, and the baggage was landed. We then crossed a very pretty bridge over to the left bank of the river, where there was a nice quiet hotel; we had dinner, and then determined to start

at once by rail for Marton to inspect the house and farm at which my charge was to spend his time till he came of age. We took only a small bag each, and walked off for the train; it seemed marvellous that a good railway should exist in such an out-of-the-way place, but exist it did, and we were soon whirled off, passing through vast patches of felled forests, with their ugly stumps sticking out, then twisting amidst sand-hills and rushing across plains, through scenery that was most varied and very perplexing. I have often tried my hand at describing New Zealand scenery and always failed. Travelling as I did in December (their summer), I came occasionally across a vast, arid, and somewhat burnt up plain, with a few cabbage palms dotted here and there, and immediately Africa or India flashed across my mind. Then I came to large, well-cultivated tracts, and Buckinghamshire or Wiltshire was suggested; then, passing by a gorge, I fancied myself in Wales or Cumberland. The forests, again, were very Burmese in appearance, and, whilst crossing the Manawatu gorge, I came suddenly on some of those picturesque

shingle-roofed houses and thought I was surely in Switzerland. The foliage is sub-tropical; the cultivation entirely English; the birds strangers, but the animals English; the flowering bush quite foreign; yet the wild flowers chiefly English. There is certainly a scarcity of wild flowers, but many of the bush trees blossom gorgeously, especially the rata, a tree that deserves a special notice; it is in reality a parasite, but it grows so rapidly and sturdily that it not only surrounds and kills the tree on which it has fastened, but actually absorbs it and becomes in its stead a large forest tree, so much so that the wood is used for household purposes. It has a magnificent crimson blossom, and when in full bloom, with the sun shining on it, has the appearance of being on fire. I could not get a blossom, they grew too high, but I fancy it belongs to the leguminosæ order. One very distinctive feature in most New Zealand scenery is the flax (phormium tenax), which not only flourishes abundantly, but is most useful; it has a long stem, bearing a resemblance to the aloe or yucca; the flowers are something like a

large red vetch, the leaves more like the iris.

We stopped the night at Marton a mushroom place, like most New Zealand villages, but likely to become important now the railway has come there. I saw a little of colonial ways and manners here. The one great drawback is a species of over-hospitality which displays itself in what is termed "shouting, or in other words treating; whenever a stranger comes near a bar, some one is sure to say, "Captain, I'm shouting for you," and that means he is desirous of standing treat; and you cannot refuse without giving offence, hence you are constantly compelled to drink when you do not want to do so, and as you hardly like to drink continually at another man's expense, you must sooner or later "shout" for him in return, which becomes expensive. This custom (which is condemned by all) leads to two others, first, that of giving you the bottle to help yourself, for it is found that, for every man who takes a full glass, there are dozens who take little or nothing: secondly, it leads also to a great consumption

of sarsaparilla, for men who do not like to refuse to take something, prefer to drink a milder beverage than spirits. I should think that the use of so much sarsaparilla must be injurious. The Bishop told me an amusing story of his early days in this delightful land; he was on a tour, and rested for a night at a small road-side inn: he was on horseback early next morning, and about to start when the ostler said, "My Lord, the landlady is shouting for you." He could not understand it for some time, till at last it was explained that the landlady desired to stand him a glass before he left; in vain he protested, but bishop or no bishop he found he must drink at the landlady's expense, so he had to gulp down a glass of villainous port: this at six a.m., was rather too much even for a bishop. I also noticed another very particular feature in society out there, and that was the instinctive deference paid to education; of course the society out there is very mixed, but is largely made up of cadets of old and often noble families. Judging by dress, it would be difficult to tell who's who, but I noticed that at bars and

in saloons, whilst all were seemingly on an equality, there was never any familiarity towards those who would be termed gentlemen at home. Dining at table d'hôte I could plainly see who was gently bred and nobly born, and who not, and I never saw anything like undue familiarity attempted. I also noticed that my host, whilst mixing freely and sociably with all who came in his way, was never intruded on by those inferior to him in education; in fact the two classes, whilst freely mixing together, were never fused. New Zealand is not the place for an idler, much less for a drunkard; society out there detests the latter as a plague-spot, and as one likely enough to contaminate his more sober neighbours; moreover it is (for the poor fellow himself) a mistake to send him there, as he can find heaps of idlers who are willing to keep him company in idleness and drinking (whilst perhaps not going so far themselves), and he also loses the restraint of having his own kith and kin around him to check his unfortunate propensity. It is no place to send a youngster out to with capital; so many parents give

their boys their portion and send them out there; few under such circumstance do well; from inexperience, or other causes, the capital soon melts away and they are left penniless; some then not unfrequently try again, and in a different branch make fortunes. On inquiry I found that those who had risen to wealth had generally begun with the usual half-a-crown in their pockets. All young fellows with a profession (other than that of clerk, for that branch is overdone), do well, but they must work, and must rough it. I have entered more fully than perhaps is necessary on this subject because I found my own preconceived ideas on these points quite erroneous, and since my return I have been asked for advice by so many anxious parents.

New Zealand has been called a poor man's paradise, it certainly may be called a labouring man's. An artisan or labourer can always command good wages, and, with the most ordinary care and frugality, soon save enough to buy sufficient land to render himself independent for life. Labour is so scarce and so expensive that to have a family is

almost indispensable, and in visiting these new worlds it is easy to understand how polygamy became necessary in patriarchal times, and how certain customs crept into the agricultural districts of Cumberland and Wales. I would advise no one to emigrate, gentle or otherwise, without learning some trade. Sailors make the best settlers, I think, because on board ship they have turned their hands to almost everything. I found gentlemen out there who had become shearers, butchers, auctioneers, schoolmasters, &c., many of whom had tried two or three vocations before they settled on the one that suited them, or at any rate brought them money. One young fellow, the son of a gallant old friend of mine, whose name was a household word at Lucknow, where he lost his life, told me the history of his career. He had tried everything, first as a labourer, then as a butcher; at last he set up in partnership with an auctioneer, when his superior education became of great consequence to his partner, who was illiterate, so that he fancied he was at last on the right track. I hope he was, for he deserved it.

One word, before I resume my travels, on New Zealand hospitality; it is well worth a notice. Thirty years ago I had experienced Indian hospitality, and most warm and genuine it was, but it was luxurious, and made you feel that it cost your entertainer money; it was redolent of the flesh-pots of beer, wine, cigars, &c. In New Zealand hospitality is simply delicious from its primitive simplicity; you *share* with your host what he has, and what he can afford you have. A genial welcome always meets you, but there is no running about to order an extra tartlet, no drawing corks, no fuss or flurry, you see the household is not disturbed by your advent, and this puts you at your ease; you know that wheat and sheep are cheap, and therefore do not feel that you are a burden on your host, whilst you eat your bread and carve the mutton. Moreover you are admitted into familyship at once; you know the hours, and, if not in time for meals, nothing is kept waiting, and no apologies are made for commencing without you; thus you are made to feel that you are a welcome guest. Nearly everybody turns his hand to something, so

as in some way to assist his host, either by helping to brand cattle, driving a cart, weeding corn, or, if clever enough, mending a door or gate. One last word, on a very charming feature—namely, the deference shown by men to ladies, in a country where everything is somewhat rough, and where often seclusion is not so easy as at home. Men seem to feel the disadvantages under which ladies labour, and avoid even a semblance of obtruding on them. Husbands and brothers are far more particular out there than they would be at home. The women are, *par excellence*, the most charming in the world. No fine ladies exist, but you find instead good, kind-hearted, educated women, who generally, in addition to other good qualities possessed at home, have the advantage of having seen much of the world, and who can converse well on all subjects. They contribute very materially to the welfare and comfort of the household, and it is by no means uncommon to eat at breakfast the butter that the lady of the house has churned that morning, or to find the daughters making the beds. Constant em-

ployment is the rule of the day. Chignons and Grecian bends carry little weight out there, and the qualities most prized by the male sex are a good seat in the saddle, a good hand in the dairy, and a willingness to be generally useful.

CHAPTER IV.

LOW BUSH AND HIGH BUSH—A CORDUROY ROAD—TUTU-TOTARA—VENERATED TREES—VARIABLE HABITS OF SOME NEW ZEALAND TREES—A MAORI CHIEF—COSTUME OF A MAORI BELLE—AN IMPROMPTU STRAWBERRY BASKET AND A NOVEL PIPE-HOLDER—STORY OF MOUNT EGMONT.

TO resume my narrative. The hotel at Marton was very clean in every respect except the cooking, which, however, was good for the bush. We were permitted to occupy a private sitting-room, and altogether passed a very pleasant time. Next morning, Sunday, 13th December, we started in a "buggy" (a four-wheeled conveyance like a mail-phaeton, and very unlike an Indian "buggy"), with a pair of good ponies, for Tutu Totara, the residence of Major Marshall. Mr. A. told us we were to go by the best road, and return by another not

quite so good. Our route lay along a highly cultivated plain; the road-side was carpeted with English wild flowers; the crops were English, as also the very fine herds of cattle, and had it not been for an occasional bit of bush or clump of trees, it would have been difficult to imagine oneself out of England. They seem here to divide what I should call forest and jungle into "low bush and high bush." The "low bush" consists chiefly of the manuca shrub; it was classed to me as a "myrtaceoe," but I cannot quite fancy it is so; it grows from three to fifteen feet high, like our broom, and has a small white blossom. Wherever the manuca grows luxuriantly you may be sure of good land; the same may be said of docks and thistles. Clearing manuca bush costs about thirty shillings per acre. High bush on the other hand is regular forest, or large trees and bush intermingled; to clear this costs about two pounds ten shillings an acre. The trees are felled about three feet from the ground, then allowed to dry; the small bush and branches after being lopped are piled on either side of them, and at certain regulated

periods are fired, and as much as possible consumed. After the fire has cleared the ground, a small quantity of grass seeds is sometimes sown, and sheep to the amount of three per acre are turned in. The young grass grows so rapidly, after light and air have been let in, that an excellent herbage is procured the first year. This method of felling trees so high up is a matter almost of necessity, on account of cost of felling; but it looks very untidy, and it went to my heart to see such noble trees put to such an ignominious end, and I grudged the loss of such magnificent firing whilst so many thousands were starving with cold in England.

As it promised, the road at first was over pleasant places, but before long we began to get into a regular corduroy road, and the jolting of the trap spoke volumes in favour of the builder and the springs. The scenery increased in beauty, and on every side tree-ferns were stretching out their lovely feathery leaves. Mr. A., our Jehu, was very careful, and guided us marvellously amidst ruts that would have served for a

moderate sized man's grave. At last we came down a steep descent to a pretty little brook—a spot for fairies to live in; but, alas! on the other side the ascent was so great and the clay so stiff that, in giving a mighty tug to get us out of a rut, the splinter-bar broke slap in two. Here was a pretty fix! However, Mr. A., with a bushman's ready expediency, gave us the horses to hold, whilst he set off in search of the renowned flax (phormium tenax), which is everything to a bushman; of course none was at hand; we had never lost sight of it until this mishap, and now when it was wanted it was nowhere to be found. Cabbage palm, tree-ferns, and every kind of exquisite vegetation abounded, but no flax. At last, however, it was found, and torn into strips, and the damage repaired. It served as an illustration of how useful all knowledge is, for I noticed that Mr. A. was particularly happy in splicing, and in making good knots and tidy finishings, an art he learnt on board ship on his way out. I may mention that so good was his workmanship that it carried us safe home, al-

though the next two days we went by roads even worse than this one; in truth we simply went across country in a buggy.

The repairs being completed, we once more set off, and soon came to the gate that marked the boundary of Tutu Totara, the estate of Major M. It seems that it is allowable to put a gate across a public road until your boundary hedges are completed, then it must be taken down. I had certain misgivings as to whether we were not somewhat presuming on the major's hospitality by presenting ourselves, unasked and without notice, in a body of three; but Mr. A. told me that, not only were we certain of a welcome, but that, if we had gone to his place rather than the major's, the latter would have been sadly annoyed. I must mention that Mr. A. was only in temporary residence at Wanganui during repairs at Sudbury. Our advent left no room for any doubt as to our welcome; we were received with every mark of gladness, and after a few words of kindly greeting were shown to our rooms, and to my surprise I found everything ready for use laid out, even to

a night-shirt, brushes, slippers, &c.; so great was my surprise that I mentioned it afterwards to A., and he told me it was customary to keep such things always at hand, in case any travellor should look in unawares.

It was Sunday, about ten a.m., and, after I had washed my hands and set myself in order, I returned to the drawing-room and found all the family assembled for morning service. There is no church near, so Mrs. M—— has service every Sunday, and all the young men about attend. Those who live any distance remain the night; an outbuilding has been erected, and divided into bachelor quarters, so that there is always plenty of accommodation without interfering with the family arrangements. No words of mine can express my regard and admiration for this hospitable family. They carry the beauty of goodness in their faces, and their simple, genuine hospitality went far to imprint on my heart a love for New Zealand that will never die out. The Major, in welcoming us, said, "We are homely people and live quietly, but all we have you are heartily welcome to." After

church we turned into an orchard and were allowed, or rather compelled, to feast on excellent white-heart cherries. In due time we were summoned to a plain dinner, with plenty of good beer and some capital whiskey and water. After dinner we drove with the Major to Sudbury, and looked over the farm. The beauty of the spot is not easily forgotten. Pheasants were very plentiful, and we saw them running into the bush as we approached. The crops were very good, but an unfinished look spoilt the general aspect of the farm to English eyes. The Major farms about three thousand five hundred acres, consisting of course chiefly of cattle and sheep runs. What he has fully cleared and brought under the plough would do any farmer's eyes good to see—such barley, wheat, and oats! Wheat in New Zealand averages from thirty to sixty bushels per acre. I was shown a bit of land near Christchurch that was said to have yielded a hundred. I was surprised to see the quality of the cattle; I have a photograph of a Durham bull belonging to Major M—— that would do credit to any good local

show. The sheep are chiefly improved Lincoln, and yield immense fleeces; the meat is, however, coarse. After a good look at the horses, which are mostly light but useful beasts, we went in to tea, and afterwards passed the time in talking over Old England and looking at photos. Strange to say Major M—— was for nearly twenty-five years in the same regiment as a cousin of mine. He had served in two Maori wars, and latterly, as a magistrate, had been of great service to the Government. On one occasion, when all were flying, he, by remaining with his family at Tutu Totara, inspired confidence. The ladies showed no little courage in remaining there alone whilst the Major was away night after night on special duty. The name of the house implies "the large Totara tree"—there is a large one close by. The Maoris are especially fond of noting some large tree as a land-mark, and I heard that the railway had more than once been deviated to avoid cutting a certain tree which either marked a boundary, or else was held in veneration for some particular reason, and so it was deemed far wiser to make a slight deviation than incur the ill-will of the Maoris in the

neighbourhood by felling it. Like all New Zealand houses, Major M——'s was built of wood, and roofed with shingles; a broad verandah ran all round; the windows were French and opened into the verandah, thus doing away with the necessity for doors. The rooms (which were not at all Indian in appearance) were carpeted and the walls papered. We had some sacred music, and then to supper and bed. My charge and I did justice to the sheets, for it was the first time we had slept in a decent bed since we left England in October. I found it difficult to get away from these good people, and I was sorry to be obliged to do so; I had, however, no choice. We were just starting when a Maori chief rode up, and had an interview with the Major. He was a fine-looking man, dressed in a shabby English suit, riding a poor-looking beast in an English saddle

At last we got off and went across country in our buggy till we reached the main road; we traversed the banks of a very fine and lovely river; the woods ran down to the water's edge, except where clearances had been made; we passed a wool-washing shed,

to which was attached a place for boiling down sheep for the tallow; the refuse of the boiled sheep was given to fatten pigs, the stink was beastly, and the paddock in which the pigs lived a very Golgotha; it seemed high treason to blot nature with such stenches and such scenes, but it pays, and the great god Gold must be worshipped, even amidst groves of totara, rata, and festoons of clematis. The owner of these said mills came to New Zealand with half-a-crown in his pocket, he now owns ten thousand acres. In visiting these wool-washing works, I was surprised (although myself a farmer) to find the numerous qualities of wool there are in every fleece. The only bird of any size I saw in New Zealand was a hawk; hares are increasing, and rabbits in some parts have become a nuisance; great penalties follow the introduction of foxes, but they will have to introduce foxes, weasels, or ferrets, if they find the rabbits increase too rapidly.

I was struck with the way in which several New Zealand trees change their foliage and habits with age; the rata, for instance, before mentioned, changes from a creeper to a large

forest tree; the blue-gum alters the size and form of its leaves as it grows older; while, as to the lancewood tree, no one seeing a young lancewood tree (which resembles a young palm), would recognise it as the parent of the large tree from which the lancewood comes.

In due time we reached Marton, had some lunch and went to the cricket-field; it seemed somewhat strange to be playing cricket and sitting down on the grass in the middle of December. A young doctor who had lately established himself at Marton asked us to dine with him, and we spent a very pleasant afternoon. I forgot to say that whilst strolling about in Marton I met my friend the Maori chief very drunk, hugging a bottle of whiskey; he recognised me and sat down on a doorstep and invited me to have some. I was amused at his manner of proceeding; first, he offered me the bottle, and, on my declining it, he took a swig himself, evidently to show me it was all right; then he wiped the bottle with his hand, and offered it to me again; his politeness was unbounded. I also saw a Maori belle riding

with her husband. She was really a very fine-looking woman of huge proportions, with a profusion of coarse black hair; she wore a well-made habit of blue cloth, a chimney-pot hat and blue gauze veil; she also had white Berlin gloves and a riding-whip; and was not tattooed, as so many are, being a civilized Maori; her cavalier had a very shabby English suit on, and wore enormous spurs.

We reached Wanganui about ten p.m. very tired. Next morning we went across the river to have a further look at the town. Mr. A—— had told me that he was very desirous I should make the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. F J.—— great friends of his. Subsequently he accidentally met Mrs. J—— driving, and she, hearing that he had friends staying with him, kindly asked us to come to tea that evening. Mrs. A—— told me of the engagement and fixed the hotel as a rendezvous for dinner, after which we were all to go to the J——'s house. I went my own way to look for flowers, whilst Mr. A—— and my charge went to a cricket match. Now Mr. A—— invariably slept and breakfasted on the other side of the river, but

lunched and dined on this side, at a place which was a sort of semi-club, and so I took this hotel to be our meeting place, as he had not mentioned any other name. This led to a pleasant but awkward incident. I went to the hotel I fancied the right one, and waited and waited for his arrival until eight o'clock (dinner was at seven), not liking to go in to dinner by myself, as I did not know how far strangers were admitted. I was awfully hungry, but I sat and waited some time longer. At last I got uneasy, the more so as I fancied that in such a strange, wild country he might imagine some harm had befallen me; so after thinking matters over I concluded I had made a mistake, and that I should have gone to the J——s' direct, instead of waiting at the hotel. I hired a trap and told the driver to drive to the house, but not to go inside the grounds, and I would walk up, so that, if I found he was not there, I could return in the same vehicle. I knocked at the door of a pretty villa surrounded by a lovely garden; a maid opened the door and, on my inquiring, said Mr. A—— was not there. I asked her if she knew him, and if he had

been there that day at all; the sound of our voices brought Mr. J—— to the hall, and I repeated my inquires to him; he, although he knew nothing of his wife's invitation, asked me to come in and wait for A——. Of course I did not like to do so, and made every excuse to get away, but to no purpose; New Zealand hospitality would not hear of it, so I was forced to go back to the road, pay the coachman and return. In the drawing-room I found Mrs. J——, a charming person, and to her I explained my difficulty, saying that Mr. A——had told me to meet him there; she fully understood it all, and after awhile, to my delight, asked me if I had had any dinner. I was famished, and, in spite of not liking to give trouble, was fain to say "no;" and then Mr. J—— was most indignant with his wife because she had not thought of asking me before, as if, poor thing! she could have known by intuition that I had not dined. I soon got some food, but I felt like an impostor all the time, and had it not been for their well-bred hospitality which put me at my ease, I should have felt miserable. As it was I was very uneasy about A—— and my charge.

Mr. J——, seeing this, set off himself to look for them, leaving me to stroll about the lovely garden with his wife. I saw such a lot of pretty flowering shrubs, but the flowers were chiefly English. Mr. J—— soon returned, but still no A——; I was really getting uncomfortable, when to my joy A——and my charge arrived; they had been equally uneasy about me. The mistake of the hotel was soon explained, and I felt that the silver spoons would not now be counted after I had left. Later on some friends came in, and we had good music. I cannot tell you the charm that the society of these nice people had, for, irrespective of being a very pretty woman, Mrs. J——was such a perfect lady, and it was indeed a treat to be in such society, hearing such music, and drinking in such stores of colonial experiences, so many thousand of miles away from home; however, time warned us of the necessity of departing, and so with many regrets I said good-bye. I must here mention that a few days afterwards Mrs. J——kindly sent me by my friend a Maori feather cloak as a present, as she thought I should value it; they are very

difficult to get now, and in consequence costly, but if every feather had cost a dollar, I should value it more for the simple kindness that prompted the giver than for its intrinsic worth.

After such universal hospitality I need scarcely say I was sorry to leave Wanganui, and truly sorry to leave my charge, who had been a real companion to me all the long voyage; his visit to New Zealand was in search of health, and I trust he will be fully set up by a year's residence in that lovely island.

I had an opportunity of having a long conversation with the Crown Prosecutor of the Wanganui district, a very superior University man, who lived in the same hotel as I did. I gleaned from him that law is much simplified out there, and the appointment of a Crown Prosecutor is a great benefit to society, but I think stipendiary magistrates have too much power, and it seems that appeals are difficult and costly. It is also a pity that local justices do not sit more constantly on the bench with the stipendiary; "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," and in isolated places like Wanganui, one almost

irresponsible person is apt to become tyrannical, or careless if left too much to his own devices.

Next day, after a sad farewell, I started for Foxton by rail. I was introduced on the platform to a Colonel M——, who had done good service in the last Maori war; he took rather pessimist views of another Maori rising, and complained bitterly of the way in which arms and ammunition were imported into the King country (the Maori reserve). He gave a lamentable account of the way the last war was conducted, and described the blunder of the "Great Pah." At the time I was there a difficulty had arisen with regard to the railway passing through the King country, and my informant was very apprehensive of another Maori rising. To me the chances seemed almost "nil;" there are only forty-six thousand Maories in both islands, and taking away women, children, and old men incapable of bearing arms, they could not muster more than fifteen thousand warriors. The country has been so opened up by roads and railways, that the young men, sons of settlers, now

know every track; which would render the tactics of the Maories much less dangerous than in bygone days. But the chief deterrent to anything like a formidable rising lies in the fact that the Maories have taken to an artificial mode of life, and cannot now exist without their tobacco and spirits, &c. I confess I was sorry to see such a fine race dying out from debauchery. There is something very grand in the Maori race, very different from the aborigines of Australia, or any of the Indian races I saw in North America.

My train stopped at Marton, and I there saw a curious scene. A Maori family, consisting of an ancient female, a girl of about eighteen, and a small child, were about to enter the cars; the old woman was got up in a mixture of European and native costume; the young lady was dressed in a princess robe of grey alpaca, trimmed with blue, which must have been neat when new, but was now very shabby, and the long train very dirty. She wore a straw hat with many flowers on it; in her hand she carried a fruiterer's paper bag filled with strawberries. The bag broke and

the fruit fell on the platform; she stooped to gather them up and replace them, but the bag was too dilapidated and they fell again; she then made a receptacle for them by lifting up her dress, and I saw she had on side-spring boots, but, alas! no stockings; and indeed from sundry gaps in the front of her dress, where the hooks and eyes had given way, I was led to think she had little or nothing on under her robe. She got into a second class compartment, and sat at the end nearest to me, and as the door of my carriage was open I could see plainly all that went on. She endeavoured to eat some of her strawberries, wiping the dirt off them, either on her gown or the seat of the car, but they were too dirty even for her; so, having given the little one a chance of eating some, she threw the rest away. She then produced a coal black clay cutty pipe from her pocket, ready filled, and taking out a box of the finest wax vestas (none of your Bryant and May's wooden matches), she struck a light and proceeded to smoke; after taking a dozen whiffs she stuck the pipe in a hole through her ear and settled herself down for a snooze. I looked

at her several times, and tried, by means of smiles, to attract her attention and so become friendly, but she treated my advances with haughty indifference. A very sharp English lad who was standing on the platform between the two carriages, seeing me interested in the girl, said: "You see that gal? Well! she's a swell. There's been a row about her—she married out of her tribe, and there was nearly a fight, and the fellow that carried her off had to pay a lot of horses to square it." A few miles further on my Maori belle got out, and joined a large encampment of her people, who were located near the railway.

I may here remark that I was particularly struck by the universal use of wax vestas both in New Zealand and Australia. I never saw anyone, high, low, rich, or poor, use anything else, and their use is a sort of point of honour with them. In addition to being extravagant, it is awfully dangerous, especially in places all built of wood. At that very station at Marton I had, on a previous occasion, extinguished a lighted vesta by putting my foot on it. Everyone uses them, and

after lighting their pipe, they fancy they have blown them out, and throw them on the ground, when frequently they have not done so. In addition to this danger there is another —very frequently some fresh ones are dropped and become ignited by being trodden on. This happened on board a steamer I was travelling on; I fortunately heard the crack made by the friction of the boot, and turning found the match burning, close to a heap of old oiled tow; had that caught fire it might have been serious. I often pointed this out to hotel-keepers and others, and got for my pains the reply that there were not more fires there than elsewhere, which is certainly true. Another thing also is certain, you won't get your squatter to do without his best wax vesta, and oh! how he prides himself on being able to light his pipe with one whilst going full gallop, when a gale of wind is blowing.

I will here introduce a rather amusing conversation that was held between the person who narrated it and a Maori chief. It illustrates strikingly the difficulties of instilling a new sentiment into a purely

uneducated mind, and gives a faint idea of the difficulties that surround missionaries in the important work they undertake. It must be remembered that in New Zealand there are no reptiles. Mount Egmont, with its snow-capped summit, stands on the extreme edge of the western coast of the North Island, looking proudly over the bright blue sea towards Australia. Maori tradition has it that the mountain did not always stand there, and a Maori chief told my friend that it originally stood amidst the range of hills near the hot springs of Taupoo. His version of the removal runs thus: "Mount Egmont fell in love with the wife of a neighbouring mountain, and was, not to put too fine a point on it, very indiscreet." His *amour* was discovered by the indignant husband, and in a fit of rage he kicked Mount Egmont, as he hoped, into the sea. The wicked mountain, however, just saved himself, the kick not being strong enough, and landed on the coast, where he now remains, wearing a white snow cap as a mark of disgrace. My friend laughed at this romantic story of love and revenge between rival mountains. The

Maori noticed his incredulity, and said, "What, you no believe?" "No," answered my friend, "not that one mountain kicked another mountain into the sea." The Maori looked at him attentively, and said, "You read Bible?" A nod of assent. "You know Adam and Eve?" Another nod of assent from my friend. "You believe sarpint story?" Another nod of assent. Then the Maori Chief, in a tone of mingled pity and disgust, replied, "Oh! you fool, you believe sarpint story, you no believe Mount Egmont story!" and then he turned his back on his incredulous friend.

CHAPTER V.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS WARRI DAYS—MY NEPHEW'S HOME —THE OLD MARE—THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW BUMPING—PEPI FEASTS—BREAKING IN A COLT— A MAORI AT HOME—HIS BEVERAGE—STRENGTH OF WILL—A PRETTY PASS—THE WELSH WIDOW—ILL EFFECTS OF THE MAORI CHIEF'S WHISKEY.

ON again from Marton to Halcombe, passing Foxton, a temperance settlement. No words can describe the beauty of the scenery; every here and there we passed such dear, sweet homesteads, such crops, such rivers for fishing, and then through forests that made me long to get out and ramble about, and gather ferns and flowers.

Wherever we halted some one was sure to ask me to let him "shout" for me. At last we reached Halcombe, and there my nephew met me, leading a grand old brood mare for me

to ride on to see his Warri—*i.e.*, native hut, the first and most primitive construction of every squatter; which gives rise to a pretty and forcible expression, "Every man has his Warri days"—indicating that everyone has had to begin on a small scale. I do not think I could have singled my nephew out of a group; he was so brown and bearded. However, as he called me uncle as soon as ever he saw me, I was convinced he was the real Tichborne, and went with him.

We rode along for eight miles through a forest, where I was constantly reminded of the poet's words, "that only man is vile." In truth, man there was vile to cut down such trees in such an untidy manner, and burn them in such a ruthless way. The effect of light and shade glinting amongst those grand, sombre old giants was very fine, reminding me of Cairo, where I think you see better effects of this sort than anywhere else. Our road was tolerably good at the time we passed over it; but I can imagine its being somewhat heavy in the rains.

Every here and there we came on a

"Warri," and Tom told me the history of the occupants, and how much or how little they had done, in a given time, towards improving their holding. He spoke rather contemptuously of those who had cleared by hired labour. He and his brother of course cleared for themselves. At last we came to the holding; alas! it was the wreck of a once beautiful forest, as I knew by the mass of hideous stumps; but growing in between them was some very passable wheat and oats. The land had never been *ploughed*, but what of that? horses had trodden over it and made it rough, corn had been strewn on it and horses had tramped the grain in, and Providence had done the rest: a great country, certainly!

But the house—well, it was not exactly a palace; it was a log hut of the rudest description, roofed with strips of bark; there was a sleeping loft at one end and a huge fireplace at the other. I did not see any glass; there was a table, and the chairs, I mean stools, were not harder than other stools; but the baked mutton and potatoes tasted better than any mutton and "spuds"

that ever were cooked. I'll tell you why—"Jack" had baked them. He had killed the sheep, and had grown the spuds, and had washed the dishes, knives, and forks; and had an appetite that any sovereign in Europe would have bought cheap at five pounds. Jack met us at the door of the hut; his culinary operations would not allow him to proceed further. He was got up like a navvy on Sunday, and looked awfully well and healthy.

They showed me their holding, how much they had cleared, and how they were going to proceed. They pointed out to me the site of the new mansion that was to be, and we overhauled the cows, horses, ducks, hens, &c., and I learnt which hen had laid a dozen eggs in a surprisingly short period; she did not seem much ashamed of it either. Dinner was a grand feast, and I felt proud that my nephews could do everything for themselves, and felt how utterly helpless I should be if put into their shoes for twenty-four hours. I understood the value of technical education at once.

A kind neighbour came in later in the day,

and assisted in firing a horse for a nasty swelling on the fetlock joint. This job was very well done; I have seen a "vet." do it worse. However, time was running short, and as I had to catch the train I was obliged to leave; it was so showery that I put on Jack's monkey-jacket, and, saying good-bye, trotted off. This peep at a primitive location, originated, planned, and worked by one's own kith and kin, was very interesting. The roughness of the life was certainly very great, but there was genuine happiness and true contentment about it. The boys owned the land, and every day's work was to the good. They were living in what to them was an enchanted grove, and were fashioning an Eden in their own way out of it. Two Eves have since been added. It was "Robinson Crusoe," "Masterman Ready," and the "Swiss Family Robinson," all in one, and, what was more, they were making money. Whilst others spent theirs in clearing and building, these boys, by doing the work themselves, saved it. True, they lost society, music, and fine arts, but happiness, the great object of all, they had I think suc-

ceeded in obtaining. I am convinced that the best way to get on out in the colonies is by beginning in a humble way and gradually working up.

My old mare carried me safely to the station, and then Tom, who had always pronounced her perfect, took her back next morning. I fancied that that mare was not so easy to ride as Tom had announced she was: "Bless you, Uncle, a fellow might let her head go, and sleep on her back for hours together. Why, she is like an easy-chair!" Very! but my bones told another tale.

The train reached Foxton about ten p.m., and I found that my coach for Wellington started at four next morning, so I took a hurried supper and went to bed. I narrowly escaped being taken off to Napier, owing to my informant misunderstanding the route I wished to travel. He was a little rough on me because he had not understood me rightly. Next morning I started in a conveyance, quite unique, for Wellington. It was a sort of omnibus and covered double-waggonette all in one. Four horses were harnessed to it,

in raw leather harness, and the driver, though he did not, outwardly, come up to Mr. Weller's idea of a coachman, seemed to be up to his work. The road was unusually rough, and the driver was oblivious of ruts and stones. Shortly we came to a river, and had to cross in a ferry-boat. I fancied it would be safer, or say wiser, for the passengers to get off and stand on the deck, in case of any accident happening to the boat, or in case the horses, which were still harnessed, should get frightened. But as no one made a move I did not like to be the coward, and I sat still, longing all the time for our safe arrival on the other side. As soon as ever we touched land, the fore part of the boat was lowered into the water to form a landing stage, and with a tremendous bump and splash we were tugged on dry land. Then commenced a series of motions, unlike anything I know of, except those of a small craft in a chopping sea. We simply went over everything; our track—do not fancy I mean road—lay amidst sand-hills, intersected by gullies and brooks. I was somewhat stiff from the motions of that *easy* mare, but I

now experienced the expulsive power of a new bumping; old bumps were entirely superseded by new ones of much greater magnitude, and I devoutly prayed that something would happen to bring the beastly coach to a stand-still. At last we reached the sea shore, and that, thank goodness, though heavy for the horses, was smooth. We drove just touching the water's edge, often up to our axles in the sea, for we never made any détours. The shore was very pretty, though terribly exposed and dangerous, as the presence of three wrecks fully testified. One ship, laden with railway plant, had been very lately run aground. The Captain, to save her, had put her head right ashore, and she was fast wedged in the sand, with but a few feet of water round her. We saw some Maori girls going on board. They took off their clothes (not much by the same token), and tied them in a bundle on their heads, and then waded into the sea until they reached the cables that were holding the vessel; they then swarmed up. The sailors on the forecastle were standing laughing, and it must have been a curious sight to con-

template. The girls, however, got on board safely, and I suppose then put on their clothes again. I noticed many huge snow-white mounds along the shore, looking like vast hillocks of lime, and was told they were composed of Pepi shells, a sort of cockle. Grand Pepi feasts were periodically held by the Maories along the coast, and these were the *débris*. What appetites they must have had, and what heaps of Pepis there must have been! I could not help regretting I had not some tons of this shell at home to use as lime, in the same manner as it is used in India, under the name of "Chumam;" it polishes like Carrara marble. At every place we changed horses there was the usual "shouting," until I began to fear our driver would be worse for liquor. At one place there was an unusual delay, which was duly accounted for by a young unbroken horse being led up to the trap. I asked whether they were going to put him in, and was told it was so to be. I did not make any remarks, but I felt that an insurance ticket against accidents in driving would be valuable at such a moment.

The young thing was yoked in between the two leaders, and when its head was let go it began rearing and shaking its head in an unpleasant manner, but the driver with his stock-whip gave it one flick on the neck, that ought to have taken a bit the size of a shilling out of it, and the beast set off at a gallop. We never went out of a gallop until we arrived at the next stage. The colt was here taken out as quiet as a lamb, and the driver assured me, with a smile, it was perfectly broken in, and it certainly ought to have been. A little further on we came to a small village prettily situated, and here I breakfasted with a pure Maori; he was dressed English fashion, and used his knife and fork very tidily; his appetite was especially good. Hearing there was a large Maori encampment near, I determined to visit it. A young man whom I had casually met, went with me and acted as my interpreter. I was received most courteously by the chief, and conducted to a large kind of "wigwam," pipes and drink were produced.

I declined the former, the latter I could scarcely refuse for fear of offending the chief.

I knew it was poison by the look of it, and I believe it was composed of one third whiskey, one third turpentine, and the rest tobacco juice. It made me very ill, but of that hereafter. The Maori chief was pleased to find that I admired the country so much, and astonished at my remaining so short a time in it; in fact he could not understand anyone coming so many thousand miles in a big ship, and then going away again so soon. I must say I liked what I saw of them, there was no cringing and no begging. The men are noble-looking, and the women fine, and would be good-looking were it not for the tattooing, and the under lip, which gives them a sulky look. There was every kind of costume amongst the women, chiefly, old cast off English clothes. The children did not wear much. My friendly interpreter told me he had been many times employed as an interpreter by Government, as he had been born and bred amongst them, and spoke their language well, and that whenever he went to their "Pahs" they always received him with the greatest hospitality, giving him a good warri for himself, and the chief always offer-

ing him a wife, generally one of his own daughters or grandchildren. He declared this was true, and as his statement was repeatedly corroborated by others I have no reason to disbelieve him.

I here mention another singular statement made to me. I had often heard that Maories had, if I may so express it, the power of dying when they liked. I had read of it in books, but could scarcely credit it. I was however informed by two medical men in New Zealand that such is really the case. One medical man told me that he had once to perform an amputation of the leg. The Maori objected at first, but after a time consented on being told that a perfect cure would be the result, and that a new leg would be supplied, which would enable him to go about like hundreds of Europeans who had only one leg. When the operation was over and he had recovered from the chloroform he told the doctor that, as he now had only one leg and was therefore useless, he should go into a corner and die. He literally did so. He turned his face to the wall and died. I

suggested that perhaps the shock of the operation to the nervous system, or the loss of blood was the real cause of his death, but my friend assured me that as far as human foresight or experience went there was no cause for death arising out of the operation, but the man being a Maori determined to die, and accordingly did die.

But another still more strange case was told me by another gentleman. He was consulted by, I think a Maori woman, respecting her husband, who she said was ill. The doctor went and saw him, and could detect no organic disease. The man, however, told him he "was wanted," and intended to die, and he did die; unfortunately no post mortem was held, so that it is not certain the man had no disease, though the doctor had not detected any. I do not myself offer any opinion, but I mention these cases as told me by medical men in illustration of their belief that Maories do die under, to say the least, peculiar circumstances. I did not understand these gentlemen to insinuate any witchcraft, or what in the West Indies is called obe-ing. They intended me to un-

derstand that, from some physical construction and for certain reasons, Maories could and did lie down and die. I must now get on with my journey. Bidding my Maori chief good-bye, I resumed my seat in the stage. We now soon got to a place called, I think, "Paita Koriki," and commenced to ascend the Ghaut or Pass. I was not sorry when it was suggested that we should walk on and allow the coach to follow. The road was scarped along the side of a hill, and at one place was one thousand five hundred feet above the sea, with not even a shrub between us and the briny ocean. The view was lovely. Looking back we saw the golden sands that we had just passed, the ship in the foreground that the Maori girls had clambered up to, an island as lovely as Capri, intensely green with rich bush on the left and all around, the sea, a placid lake, varied only by patches of deep azure and emerald green as the clouds threw their shadows on it—I could have remained there drinking in the beauty of the scene for ages, but unfortunately the coach would not wait: I have since seen a sketch done by Mr. Glade, a

first rate amateur at Sydney, which does the scene great justice.

It made me giddy to look down the precipice the coach was travelling along. When it reached the topmost hill, we were invited to get in, and began our descent. I mentioned before that one of the reasons we went by the "Stormbird" to Wanganui was that the road had been rendered impassable by a terrific thunderstorm, which had carried away bridges, &c. We were some one thousand five hundred feet in the clouds, and had to go down these same one thousand five hundred feet. I am not nervous as a rule. I scorn fear, but I would gladly have walked down that pass. The mending of the bridges that we had heard of meant that a couple of poles had been placed over the fissure created by the torrent, and these poles had been covered by branches of trees, and these again by soft earth. I do not think at any time in this road there could be more than a foot each side to spare, and now I think it was reduced to as many inches. I have, in my time, done a few "Alps," also traversed some Indian ghauts, to say nothing of tra-

velling by the Gloucester mail in days gone by; these were pleasant compared with this lovely road, but thank goodness the beauty of the scenery was so great that I had not time to look how near the wheels were to the edge. If you could fancy the sides of the most beautiful Welsh, Scotch, or Swiss passes you ever saw, covered with luxuriant forest trees, and with all the contents of the huge Palm House at Kew thrown indiscriminately amidst it, sparkling streams dashing alongside, and a clear blue sky above, then you would have only a faint idea of this lovely pass. Even the coachman pulled up once to let me look at a clump of tree ferns that he said had better foliage on them than he had ever seen before.

The rata before mentioned lent a brilliancy to this altogether too lovely scene. We reached the plain in safety, and found a sweet village nestling in its quiet corner. It looked so Swiss with its wooden houses and shingle roofs, on which some large stones were placed here and there to keep the wind from blowing under. An excellent dinner of

beef, mutton, cabbage, and potatoes awaited us. Most of our passengers left us here, and I found myself alone inside, much to my discomfort, for a very fat old woman had, by a wedging process, protected me greatly during our hazardous descent. I had all along trusted that if we overturned it would be on her side, for if she had fallen on me I should verily have been the "mangled Tybalt."

Onwards, still onwards, taking the river for our guide, until we reached a very pretty village, near an inlet of the sea. A good hotel stood there, evidently a place of great resort for picnics, &c., by the good folks of Wellington; I seldom remember seeing a more desirable place for a honeymoon.

A very pretty widow got in here, and in talking I found she was a countrywoman of mine. Her history, shortly, was that she came out as a teacher in a school, married the owner of this pretty hotel, but had not been married two years when she was left a widow, and was now in sole possession, and was going into Wellington about probate

duty. She was in great distress for an honest barman to assist her in her onerous duties. She was so pretty and spoke so sadly of her lonely condition, and in reply to my suggestion that in such a case as hers it would be almost a duty to marry again, made so little objection that I felt quite sorry that I was not in a position to make an offer. I had not then been to Salt Lake City; perhaps if all this had occurred some months later, after I had been there, who knows what my fate might have been?

She told me, what I could most easily imagine from all I had seen of this country —namely, that those who frequented her house showed the greatest respect and deference towards her, and that bachelor parties who came there were particularly careful not to cause her any pain or uneasiness. "If," she said, "they make a noise, and I send my compliments, and say I am not quite well, they restrain themselves immediately; and," she added, "since her widowhood, no one had ever, in word or action, offered her any kind of insult." This fully accords

with the respect I have already mentioned as being paid to ladies by all men in New Zealand, Australia, and America.

I parted from my pretty widow with regret at Wellington, and soon got to my own hotel.

And now I must hark back to my Maori whiskey. I had only just got to the hotel when I was taken worse. I tried to find a chemist, but they had all shut up early, and I could get nothing. I was so ill I had to change my room, and the chambermaid got frightened and told the landlord. He very kindly came to see me, and asked me if I should like to see a doctor; luckily there was one living in the house. He came and saw me, and pronounced that I had been poisoned, no doubt by the Maori liquor. He was very attentive, giving me what he considered best. He saw me twice that night. Next day I was slightly better, but very weak, and, to cut a long story short, I was so ill, and so cast down by losing my young friend, and feeling the misery of being ill in such a lonely position, that I made up my mind not to go to the hot

springs, but to get on board ship as soon as possible.

A steamer was starting next day for Sydney, so I booked myself, went on board, and so ended my visit to New Zealand.

CHAPTER VI.

SAD RECOLLECTIONS OF A BLIND BABY—CHRISTMAS DAY ON BOARD SHIP—BOTANICAL GARDENS AT SYDNEY—SAILORS' TOMBS—A MAN-OF-WAR—FLOWERS AND FERNS.

I HAD made up my mind to leave thus hurriedly for another reason; I found that if I left at once by the steamer that was then leaving, I should catch the Torres Straits mail, after remaining only a few days at Sydney. Now this route was exactly the one I wanted to go by, because it was somewhat out of the common track of travellers, and had been described to me as possessing many rare advantages as regarded the beauty of the scenery. I was so unwell the last few days of my stay at Wellington that I was only able to take a little turn every day to see the town, and I was truly glad to get on board the steam-ship "Wa-

kitipu." I had only made up my mind that day at ten a.m., and by twelve o'clock I was on board. In taking leave of Wellington I ought to mention how greatly struck I was with the rise and progress of this city, a mere infant in years, and to express my appreciation of all the kindness I met with there, not forgetting the hospitality of the members of the club.

The "Wakitipu" was a very nice clean well-formed boat of about a thousand tons; with cabins extremely well situated, nice bath rooms and a hurricane deck. Captain Wheeler, who commanded, was a very jovial fellow; he was taking his wife with him, a very nice person, but very delicate, for change of air. We had also a Mr. and Mrs. Bates, American actors, on board, and a Mr. Slade, a solicitor from Sydney, who had been on a sketching tour to New Zealand, a most charming man and a first rate artist. I noticed, when I got on board, a sweet little baby, such a nice clean little thing, sitting with its mother, and being fond of children, I rather looked forward to the companionship of the little one. It cried, however, most

terribly during lunch, and I began to doubt whether it would prove an acquisition on board. After lunch, as I was still very seedy, I went to lie down, and when I got up at four o'clock for a cup of tea, to my horror I found the poor baby was dead; it had, as I said, cried very violently at lunch, and the mother put it in bed and quieted it; when she looked again at it, it was quite dead. I found out that the poor little thing was born blind, and no doubt it had in crying burst some vessel near the brain, which had caused death; it was buried that night. I was so sorry for the poor mother; she seemed quite beside herself with grief, and could not be persuaded that the death was not in some degree her fault, or that she might not have prevented its crying. To have it buried at sea was a great trial to her; she thought it so lonely leaving it behind, with no one to watch the grave. I longed to read "Water Babies" to her, and to try and persuade her that in that lovely sea more pretty shells were found, and more graceful coral grew, than in any other, and that her little one would have a happy playground there, and

perhaps meet little Tom; I longed, too, to tell her that the Esquimaux think that heaven is beneath the boundless ocean, which is ever good and bountiful to them, and not in the clouds above from whence come thunder, lightning, hail, snow, and wind; but who can comfort a woman who has only just lost a wee baby, and who would wish her to forget it too soon?

I was a long time before I got over my sickness, and I did not recover my appetite for ages; I never made a real meal whilst on board. The passengers were very nice and friendly. Mr. and Mrs. Bates were very interesting people to meet; their theatrical experience had been so great. Mrs. Bates told me much about the Mormons; she and her husband had been at Salt Lake City for some time, the Mormons being exceedingly fond of theatricals, but of this more hereafter. She told me that her sex and position had naturally brought her in contact with many female Mormons, and whilst she admitted that on the whole they were well treated, she said that as a body they were very miserable, and that they craved for that

which they could never have, namely, the pleasure of a quiet domestic home all to themselves, having all a longing for peaceful home life, with an undivided love. Few if any ever complained, but truth would out at times, and one and all looked for true joy and peace in another world, and bore their cross bravely in unbounded faith and belief that queenly crowns would be their lot hereafter. It was very interesting to converse with one who had had such unusually good opportunities of seeing the inner life of these people, for of course as she was an actress they had no suspicion of any sinister motive lying hidden beneath her visit or her inquiries. Mrs. Bates (and indeed I may say most people) spoke of them as being very quiet and industrious, though she loathed their doctrines with a woman's hatred, and never believed in the *real* happiness of any of the female members of their sect. Since writing the above I have visited these people, and still think that Mrs. Bates gave a fair and just description of them.

I passed Christmas Day on board the "Wakitipu;" it was a strange Christmas,

for only a few days before I had been eating ripe cherries off the tree in sight of Mount Egmont, which was covered with snow, and basking in sunshine amidst buzzing mosquitos. Mr. Slade drew a lovely vignette for the Christmas dinner *menu*. The subject was the snow-clad Egmont rising from amidst lovely New Zealand scenery, and surrounded by Cupids and emblems of the sea; it was a precious work of art, which I much coveted, but of course the Captain's wife appropriated it. We had indeed excellent fare; the table of this nice ship was always loaded with good things, but on this occasion champagne and sherry were in addition liberally administered gratis, and we were very jolly. In the evening we had glees and catches, Mrs. Bates leading us in a genuine professional manner. We came in now for very squally weather, and could get no observation for two days; the Captain was therefore a little anxious as we were nearing the coast. When we got an observation we found that currents had carried us thirty miles south of our course. About ten a.m. on the 26th we sighted the New World.

The coast was not very interesting at first, but as we neared the celebrated Sydney Heads, the view became very charming. How often had I heard of these Sydney Heads, or "Sydney 'Edds" as they were more frequently called. I had been led to expect so much that I was sorely afraid I should be disappointed in their beauty. As we neared I received a message from the Captain asking me to come on the bridge, which is usually sacred ground, but on this occasion kindly made free to me in order that, as a stranger, I might see every nook and cranny as we passed.

How kind everyone was to me throughout my journey! I stood between Mr. S. and the Captain, and everything of interest was pointed out to me. What a lovely scene it was! The mighty waters of the many rivers and streams that exist round Sydney seem to have collected to form one magnificent inland sea, and then, in their anxiety to join the boundless ocean, to have eaten their way through a barrier of solid rock. The cliffs rose like gates of iron on either side; and it was through this barrier that

we were now quietly steaming. The entrance is very narrow, and the strata of the rocks on either side are fine and distinct.

After passing this narrow portal, we entered the beautiful lake-like harbour, the sloping hill-sides wooded down to the very water's edge. I was most astonished at the number of creeks and inlets. I wonder whether any Sydneyite has ever explored them all; of course they have been surveyed, but it must have been a precious job. I think from an artistic point of view I liked Port Chalmers better; but in no other respect can there be any comparison.

Sydney is a grand, deep, and perfect harbour, whereas Port Chalmers is very intricate, and has a very limited space for safe anchorage. I can well understand the inhabitants of these parts being proud of the harbour.

I wish no one a worse fate than to see this harbour as I saw it, the pretty villas dotted about, the grand timber, and to add to the beauty, it being Christmas time, the whole place alive with excursion steamers, and

pleasure boats crowded with gaily dressed people, making the scene still more interesting. As we neared the town, I looked with interest for Her Majesty's ships "Wolverine" and "Cormorant." How often had I heard of them on board the "Australia," and how I longed in that far distant land to meet once again kind friends, and see familiar faces!

On the wharf two lovely children had come to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Bates. I got my luggage on shore, and started for the Exchange Hotel. The charges of cab-drivers were extortionate, and the hotel people would not tell me in the least what the fare ought to be; they were afraid of losing custom. The hotel was tolerably comfortable, and not very expensive.

I strolled out to the Botanical Gardens; I do not think there are many sweeter spots on earth than these said gardens, or any so exceptionally situated. It is not often that you can see a garden running right down to the water's edge, with large men of war moored alongside; and it is not often that the most delicate ferns and foliage plants

will grow near salt-water unharmed. But here, on the sea-shore, almost in the sea you might say, you find all sorts of foliage combined with undulating scenery, and in addition plenty of fresh water to form lakes for the lotus, lilies, and other water plants. I wandered in a dreamy enchantment about these lovely gardens, and only wished that a little more labour could be expended on them to make the flowers and turf equal to the situation in which they are placed. Christchurch Gardens I consider more practically useful, and the Brisbane ones more scientifically arranged, and on the whole decidedly better, but as far as situation goes, neither can come up to those at Sydney.

Whilst on the subject of gardens, I cannot help expressing my delight at seeing that Her Majesty had been advised to confer an order of distinction upon Baron Meyer, of Melbourne, a botanist of whom the world may well be proud. I look forward with interest to the magnificent work he is about to publish on Australian flora, a subject at present so little known.

I had quite recovered my health on board the "Wakitipu," and now fully enjoyed being on shore again. It being "Boxing night" I had a good opportunity of seeing Sydney out of doors; every theatre was crammed. My party took reserved seats at two theatres—that is to say, we paid for them; but we never got a chance of getting even as far as the door, much less inside; so we contented ourselves with wandering about, and looking at the streams of people thronging the streets; and it seemed incredible that such a population should have sprung up and created a first-rate city in so short a time,

We went into several cafés and saloons; most had music, and were well conducted. At one place I was introduced to a very clever German, who had great facility in catching a likeness instantaneously—the wall of the saloon was covered with caricatures of well-known people done in crayon. To amuse us he took a sheet of paper, and went through some very clever transformations, ingeniously turning hats and other things into caricatures of celebrities. He never

began any sketch in an ordinary way, but, as it were, allowed it to grow out of nothing.

When I got home I found that the Commodore had called and left a note for me, asking me to dine. Next day I called and found that he had only just got into his official residence; but notwithstanding that he was still in such confusion, he assured me a knife and fork were always ready for me whenever I liked.

I found, to my extreme regret, that I had no time to lose in securing my passage to Singapore *viâ* Torres Straits, as we were over time from Wellington. I went to the office and was not a little surprised to find that they would not take Bank of England notes without making me pay a high premium, although the exchange was in their favour and I offered, as references, two high officials.

In the afternoon my friend Mr. S—— called for me, and took me over to the north shore in a penny ferry-boat; we landed and got into a sort of omnibus. Nothing short of great persuasion induced the horses to start

at all, and the first bit of hill brought them to a standstill; the coachman used strong language and spared not the rod, but to no purpose. After having sworn all his worst oaths he became silent and resigned to his fate, whilst we got off one by one to walk. Just as we got down the coach began to move, and we had to jump up like lightning. I did not envy the man who drove those beasts.

Our road ran through a forest of blue gum trees, under which grew bright, green, tender ferns, and the sun shining in chequered patterns through the branches produced a very lovely effect, which was fully appreciated by my artist friend.

At a convenient distance from his house we were set down, and soon reached the outer gate of the demesne. Everything was in first-rate order; indeed I can truly say it was the only really well-kept place, public or private, that I saw in all my travels. There was a regular English well-to-do look about it. The inside fully equalled the outside; the rooms were tastefully finished, and many works of art hung on the walls. What a

blessing a love of art is to a man in a far-away part of the globe! How he surrounds himself with the beautiful, and feasts his eyes daily on forms and colours that remind him of the old country, and carry his soul back to commune with gifted minds of ancient Greece and Rome!

Mrs. S——, though not at all up to seeing strangers, very kindly came to welcome me; and some dear children came to see papa's new friend who had come from the other side of the world. Mr. S—— took me to his studio and showed me portfolios full of lovely sketches, and to my great joy gave me a sweet water-colour drawing of his own, taken looking over the Paramatta River. It now occupies a post of honour in my home in Wales, and constantly reminds me of the kindness of a stranger in that far-distant colony.

After we had refreshed ourselves, the carriage was ordered round, and, accompanied by my host and three little ones, I went for a drive. We drove to the next cemetery, where that gallant sailor, Commodore Goodenough,

lies buried. How well I remember him years ago at Malta! The tomb is very handsome and neat. It was very touching to see so many pretty tombs erected by sailors to their shipmates. I have often been particularly struck by the universal good taste in such matters evinced by the jolly, careless tars.

We left the carriage and rambled about the woods, taking a short cut to a place where we were to meet it again. I was surrounded by endless new and lovely floral specimens. I have already remarked how much I was struck by the numerous varieties of flowers in this new world; here I was embedded in them, and the children, finding out my weakness, soon vied with each other in getting me new specimens of ferns and flowers till I had a grand bouquet. I noticed the fabiana in great variety amongst the rocks. I have since asked many gardeners why the Australian wild flowers are not as much cultivated in England as the Californian ones, and the only reason given was that out of doors it was too cold and indoors too hot.

After a very agreeable stroll we reached the jetty; the beautiful colours of the water suggested the pleasures of bathing, but, remembering some unpleasant stories I had heard of sharks, I thought it better to refrain. I dined that evening with the Commodore, to meet two fellow-passengers of the "Australia;" we had a grand talk over old times.

Next day I went by appointment on board the "Wolverine" flag-ship; the Commodore took me all over it; but, in spite of being in tow of such a great gun, I felt, as I invariably do on board a man-of-war, out of my element. Somehow I am always afraid of treading upon something that I ought not to tread on, or not saluting the quarter-deck, in fact of committing some imprudence. This I fancy arises greatly from having, in days gone by, been on board certain of Her Majesty's ships which were told off for transport service—a duty very much disliked, as was made only too plain to the unfortunate soldiers who were compelled to travel by them. I shall never forget the discomfort some of my

brother officers underwent in one of these royal ships during the Burmese War of 1852. We were treated like officers, but certainly not like gentlemen. My dear Commodore took good care that I should not be uncomfortable, and that I should see everything worth seeing.

What a demon of destruction an iron-clad appears! In spite of all the polish and exquisite neatness, there is always a sort of hidden venom lying under those awful guns, as much as to say, "I'm very quiet now, but just give me an opportunity and I can drive you wild with my viciousness." And then again, the sailors, what splendid fellows they are! Just watch one handing a lady, or particularly a baby, into a boat in a high surf, he is all gentleness and care, and you would never believe what that fellow would be when hand-to-hand with foes, as they were at Lucknow. Somehow I felt very safe in the knowledge that these fellows guarded our shores.

After lunching with the Commodore, I went for a drive with Mrs. Wilson, who took me to call on several friends, amongst

others on a Mrs. Mort, the widow of a gentleman whose name is well known to every Sydneyite. I have always heard him described as the best colonist that ever set foot in Australia. He spent his money freely in improving the town, and I believe greatly impoverished himself thereby. Mrs. Mort's house and grounds were well worth a visit; her husband had taken an old English mansion as his model, and has left an architectural study for young Australia to contemplate. I saw some very good ferns and flowers, and near these grounds the most beautiful Bougainvillia I ever saw; it was gigantic and covered with blossoms, forming a pyramid of purple. I had even noticed it from the deck of the "Wakitipu," as I steamed in, but I then thought it was a rhododendron.

We went on to another house, where the gentleman was a lover of ferns, and certainly his collection was very valuable. We returned laden with bouquets; I had then to say goodbye to my kind friends. I only hope we may meet again. I went for a stroll over the grounds and gardens of Govern-

ment House; they are pretty and tolerably well kept, but the residence itself is poor. Some very fine Government buildings are being erected. The colonists provide a house for the senior naval officer, and I cannot well imagine a nicer command.

Kind Mr. S—— had put my name down for the best club in Sydney, and I dined there in order to try the *cuisine;* they gave me a most excellent dinner. Sydney oysters are not bad, and they are very proud of them. I tried two kinds of colonial wine, which I thought very good, one called "Reisling," the other "Cawarra Hock." They were, however, like many so-called light wines, uncommonly heady.

A very gentlemanly, good-looking man sat opposite to me at dinner, and I was glad to find we were to be fellow-travellers to Singapore. It was somewhat strange, because the route I was going was not a very common one. After dinner I went for my last stroll round the place, and at twelve p.m. again embarked, this time on board the steamship "Brisbane," for Singapore. I

was getting pretty well accustomed to change of ship, yet I always went on board with a feeling of uncertainty as to whether it would prove comfortable, and whether I should get on well with my new fellow-passengers.

CHAPTER VII.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOUR—QUEENSLAND CLUB—THE GAOL AT BRISBANE—AN UNPLEASANT INVITATION—HIGH WAGES, DIRT, AND SLOVENLINESS—A TOTAL ABSTAINER—KEEPING SHOP—SATISFACTORY RESULT OF NOT BEING PROUD—BRISBANE BOTANICAL GARDENS—THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I MUST not omit to mention that, during my stay there, Sydney was in a state of great excitement on the Chinese question. The merchant seamen had struck, on what seemed to me very insufficient grounds: times were bad for employers, no freights to be had, and the men's wages appeared, under the circumstances, ample. The only alternative was the employment of Chinamen, and this gave rise to indignation meetings, and most unparliamentary language. A great demonstration was threatened for the day following my departure, and I know that

the Commodore had assured the Governor, that, in case of need, he was fully prepared to land sufficient blue jackets and marines to keep order. So great was the pressure put on by the union that the European sailors refused to coal the ships, and great expense and inconvenience were thus caused; but the greatest scandal in connection with the affair was the way in which these poor, harmless Chinamen were beaten and ill-treated whenever they set foot on shore. I saw more than one who had been most cruelly beaten, and who had narrowly escaped with their lives; moreover, the Captain told me the police did not attempt to interfere, and it was only his accidental presence that saved them from being killed. I could not help contrasting the words of our missionaries with the acts of the Europeans. The one says, "You are a man and a brother; in God's eyes all are equal." The other says, "You d——d Chinese rascal, if you come here with your cheap labour, we will kill you." But on this subject I must touch again more fully when I come to San Francisco.

When I awoke next morning, I found we were well outside the "heads," and a very clean, nice-looking Chinaman was standing beside me with a cup of tea. The "Brisbane" was built much on the plan of the "Wakitipu," that is, as far as the saloon being amidships was concerned, but she was five hundred tons larger. Her Captain (Riddell) was a very nice man, and we became such fast friends that eventually I went on to Hong Kong with him, instead of remaining at Singapore for a Peninsular and Oriental boat.

I now, for the first time, travelled with a pure Chinese crew; all, including the steward, were Chinamen. They are very much improved by going out of their own country. No doubt they have faults, but they have many counterbalancing virtues.

In addition to Dr. G——, my companion at the club, I found another fellow-voyager of the "Wakitipu" on board; and there were so many other passengers, that the ship was rather over-full, until we got to Brisbane. I must ask my readers to look at a good map of the coast from Sydney to Torres

Straits, in order to understand this portion of my journey. We coasted along in full view of the land all the way, and I thus got a fair idea of Australian scenery. The coast was very bold, every now and then varied by verdure running down to the water's edge.

The Chinese stewards dress entirely in white, and look very quaint, with their pig-tails wound round their heads; they are most attentive to the passengers. The table on board was excellent. I found here, as also on board the American lines, that it was not the rule to drink wine, or even beer, with meals; those who required strong waters went to the bar at certain hours and took their whack. There were some very nice people on board, amongst others, an ex-R.H.A. officer, and several well-to-do "squatters," and the superintendent of police at Brisbane. All were full of interesting information, but we were constantly passing so many lovely islands, and caught such lovely glimpses of the mainland, that I could give but scant attention to yarns.

On the 31st of December we arrived off

Moreton Bay for Brisbane. I got into a small steamer, and went up the river, thirteen miles, to the town. The channel was most wonderfully buoyed out, and was a most intricate labyrinth of landmarks. We threaded our way through numerous mangrove swamps, that seemed to heave with the motion of the water; and then, after passing by many creeks that lay each side of us, we got fairly into the Brisbane river.

I was lucky in having made the acquaintance of Mr. C——, who owned a considerable run (I think thirty-two thousand acres) at Darling Downs. He had been a Member of the Lower House of Representatives, and was, therefore, well up in local matters. He very kindly asked me to go up to see his place, and had we got in a few hours earlier I should have done so, but we missed the only train that would admit of my getting there and back in time to catch the mail. Mr. C—— very kindly put my name down for the club, of which more hereafter. I had also made the acquaintance of an old Indian Navy officer, who was now superin-

tendent of police at Brisbane, and having been connected, during the Burmese war, with several officers of this admirable service, I was glad to talk over old times with one of their body.

The run up the river was very charming, and the number of bends quite amusing; it forms a regular loop at Brisbane itself, round what is called Kangaroo Point, and is almost as good as a puzzle. The richness of the verdure on either side was very striking; and here I came again across my old friends —the bananas and sugar canes. I had not seen any for twenty years. The little steamer soon brought us alongside the quay, and we then got into a car and started for the club. After the usual formalities of being proposed, &c., had been gone through, we were admitted as honorary members, and I think, for comfort, I have seldom been in a nicer club. It reminded me of the Madras Club, with its long corridor of bedrooms attached. Everything was excellent, and the oysters something to be remembered. The rivalry between Sydney and Brisbane about oysters is a serious affair.

I had been specially told to taste Queensland pines; I mentioned this to the secretary—an old Queen's officer, who had served in the first Maori war—and he very kindly told the steward to have some every day during our stay. They certainly are the best out-of-door pines I have ever tasted, being superior, I think, to those cultivated in Madras, and immensely superior to the Burmese and West Indian.

My friend Mr. C—— knew that, as a visiting justice, I was interested in prison discipline, so he got me an order to go through the gaol. I wish I could speak favourably of it, for the civility of the officials makes me loath to say an ill word of their establishment, but I never in my life saw such laxity of discipline, and if they do not have an awful outbreak there some day, it will not be for want of encouragement.

I first went into the long-sentence ward, and found a man, who was reported to be a very dangerous character, walking about quite at large. I noticed a grape vine nicely trained against the wall, inviting any hardy rogue to climb and make an attempt at

escape. Two aborigines were in cages, condemned to death for the murder of a white man. These men could converse together freely, and had every means of communication through their bars with the other prisoner before alluded to.

The warder spoke to them, and they seemed to understand him. I asked if they fully recognized their situation, and was told "yes; and that they had even been invited to see a coloured man hanged a few days before in order that they might know what they had in their turn to undergo; they had declined." I thought it a cruel offer to make. One of them was very sullen, but the other, seeing that I was taking notice of and talking about them, came to the grating of his cell and piteously begged my intercession on his behalf. He said he had robbed and assisted in burying, or hiding, as he termed it, the murdered man, but that he had no hand in his death; that he (the murdered man) was drunk and had also given them drink, and that then he began to abuse them; and his companion struck him and killed him.

I think the story was very likely to be true. However, but little sympathy is evinced towards coloured men: the English say they are such rascals they ought all to be hanged. Whilst utterly repudiating any concurrence in such a sentiment, I must say that the natives of Australia are, without exception, the lowest type of humanity I have ever seen. In all my travels, north, south, east and west, I have found none to equal them; they are hideous to look at, and seem quite untamable. From those who live amongst them they have a very bad character, and I fear that very often but little mercy is shown them. I heard on somewhat good authority that, when prisoners are undoubtedly guilty, but the evidence is likely to prove weak, the escort allows them an apparent opportunity to escape, and if they avail themselves of it, they are instantly shot down; and then the report made is that the prisoners tried to escape and were therefore shot.

In the second yard, seated round a long table in an open shed, I found about forty prisoners. I only saw one warder with them, and I noticed that every man had a

knife and fork. In the third yard I saw an equal number, all with knives and forks; and they had a most substantial dinner before them; one man was cutting up a capsicum to give his meal an extra zest. I noticed that the men were in every kind of costume; I do not say that there was no prison badge about them, but they were not uniformly, or even tidily dressed, nor were they by any means clean, though some were shaved. From bits of bread I saw on the ground I should fancy that hunger does not form part of their punishment.

Here again I only saw one warder. On inquiry I found there was only one warder to twenty prisoners, or even, sometimes, more than this, and the men had no revolvers or side-arms. No kind of acknowledgement was evinced by any of the prisoners when the head-warder entered or left the dinner-sheds; they seemed perfectly indifferent to everything going on around them, and only attended to their food. When I got outside I smelt tobacco; on looking round I saw a prisoner smoking his pipe, and immediately after I heard the noise of a lucifer (of course

a vesta) being struck, and perceived another man lighting his pipe with one. I asked if tobacco was allowed, and was told that smoking was permitted for half-an-hour after dinner, but I was also informed that tobacco was not part of the rations, so I suppose it was smuggled in.

I then went over the workshops. I found that the prisoners were engaged chiefly in saddlery, and they certainly turn out a very useful saddle for the mounted police; but I should say at a fearful cost to the colony. I did not see signs of any other employment, except tailoring. The saddlers' tools were lying about, and I learnt that these dangerous weapons were not even collected at night. The place was altogether most dirty and uncared for. I spoke to my guide, and pointed out the danger of allowing matches and knives to be used indiscriminately. I told him that such a thing would not be tolerated for a moment in England. He seemed to fear no out-break, and indeed it is perhaps improbable that such an event will occur; for why should men so well-cared-for wish to change their condition? Neverthe-

less, some day, a couple of hardened, long-sentenced fellows may come in and leaven the whole mass. I hope I am not an alarmist, but I cannot forget that such catastrophes did happen at Moolmein and Hong Kong.

I left the gaol with a sense of relief, but could not get the recollection of those two black fellows out of my head. I hope they were not martyrs. After lunch we went to look about the town, and then to a brewery, where I had a glass of very good beer. In poking about the establishment I found a great number of Bass and Co.'s labels. I wonder what they were doing there! We went also to a distillery, and I witnessed the process of distilling rum from molasses. The smell of the pure alcohol was delicious.

The secretary of the club, who was also usher of the Black Rod, took us over the Houses of Parliament; very fine buildings, reminding me somewhat of the Tuileries. I saw two trees (Norfolk Island pines, I think) which had been planted by the Duke of Edinburgh. There were many handsome

buildings in the town, amongst others a museum in course of construction.

Here, again, once more I must express my admiration of the wisdom and forethought of these colonists, who are bidding fair to make their new homes a lasting memorial of their skill and energy. What a great future awaits them if they do not quarrel among themselves, as the Melbourne people are inclined to do! Whilst I was out in those parts, I was credibly informed that about two hundred thousand pounds was about to be sent out of Victoria, and invested in New Zealand and elsewhere, in consequence of the uneasiness felt in reference to the tenure of land, and the republican feelings generally prevalent in the province. Again, the protection duties put on by the Victorians are a great barrier to progress in the two adjoining settlements. Time will show that, in consequence of the difference in soil and temperature of these provinces being so great, Melbourne will, one day, be glad to get supplies from Brisbane, and Sydney will benefit and be benefited by both.

Talking to a mason engaged in squaring stone for the new museum, I asked him if he got as much as ten shillings a day, at which he was very indignant, and told me he would be sorry to work at that rate. I think he said he got twelve shillings. Here I may remark that, in spite of these good wages, the women standing at their doors, and the children playing in the streets in the poorer part of the town, looked ill-fed, careworn, and drabby. The children were without shoes and stockings. This I was told was by choice, and not from poverty; but I could not feel satisfied in my own mind that any of them had the happy well-to-do look of English labourers' families.

A large ship full of emigrants was at that moment lying in the bay, detained for want of a clear bill of health. I did not envy them their future. One thing may account for the listlessness of the women and children, and that is that those I saw might be the issue of a first cross with women born and bred out there, and it may also account for their *untidiness*, for certainly in India

there is no more slatternly drab than your Anglo-Indian female.

I dined at the club every day, and after dinner we sat smoking in the card-room. I was much pleased to mix with such genuine colonials and veritable squatters as I met there. Amongst those present was a "great man entirely," who had rendered himself conspicuous during Ireland's troubles in '48, but who was now a very loyal subject of Queen Victoria, and, I fancy, had quite given up all ideas of the propriety of having all things in common. He was now a Member of Parliament. I also met a very singular man, a Mr. T——; he owned no less than three hundred and twenty thousand acres of land, and was supposed to be the richest man in the colonies. He began life, I think, as a blacksmith. He told me that he had never had a glass of beer or smoked a pipe in his life. He was unmarried, and said he had never cared for any woman living. He had eighty thousand head of cattle, and brands ten thousand calves every year. He was a very pleasant companion, but had the character of being very close.

When interrogated as to his object in amassing such wealth, he always says that, if his successor only has half the enjoyment in spending the money that he had in making it, he will be fully repaid. Finding I was fond of flowers, he very kindly brought me a curious specimen from his garden—an act which caused much surprise in the club, as he was not in the habit of giving anything away. I may mention another instance of the good-nature of these kind people towards me. A gentleman, a total stranger to me, unsolicited, brought me specimens of ore from the neighbouring mines for my collection.

Next day was New Year's day, and I was reminded of it by a merry peal being rung on a very good set of bells; but I had the the pleasure also of being reminded that no shops would be open, and as I wanted photographs and a few mementos it was very annoying. However, some one, hearing of my disappointment, told me that there had been an announcement in the papers that a certain photographer's studio would be open, so I determined to go and try my luck. It ended in a strange adventure.

I got to the shop door just as it was being closed, and found a very drunken photographer taking a victim to the studio. What sort of a likeness he would make was a mystery; a *jumpsy* sort of thing, I thought. I said I wanted to see some photos, and was directed to an album that lay on the table. I glanced at it, and seeing it did not contain what I wanted, I asked for more.

"Oh!" said the man, "I can't attend to you now, call again to morrow."

"I can't," I replied, "I'm off by the mail to-morrow."

"Well," said he, in a very drunken manner, "just you wait a bit, mate; or, stay, you mind the shop while I'm taking this gentleman, and then I'll see what I can do." He turned the key in the shop door, and led his sitter towards the studio, leaving me in charge. Whilst looking round to see if there were any more photos handy I heard the noise of a key in the shop-door, and someone fumbling for the key-hole.

"Holloa!" I shouted, "what do you want."

"I want to come in."

"You can't, there is no one here to-day."

"Can't I," said the voice, ironically, "I like that,"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Who am I? why, I'm the senior partner, and I should like to know why I can't come in?" was the response, in a very beery voice.

Taking into consideration the possession of the key, which he could not get into the key-hole for the simple reason that there was one in it already, and also the assertion that he was the senior partner, I thought it desirable to let him in, and so unlocked the door. In staggered the senior partner, I made him a bow, and he looked very intently at me. Seeing that some explanation was necessary, I began by saying "I came to try some photos, and as your partner is busy upstairs taking a photograph he asked me to look after the shop in his absence; will you show me some views?"

"Oh! d—— the photos," cried the man, "I've such a head on that I can't see anything. Oh my!" he groaned, and rushed past me to a little room adjoining, and there

threw himself on a sofa. Evidently I could do no business with him. At last down came my other friend, so I again asked him to show me some views. He hauled out a bundle of very indifferent ones from a drawer. I asked him if he had any of native women, or gins, as they are called out there.

This tickled him immensely, and he shouted out to his partner, "I say, the gentleman wants gins—we had enough of gin last night, seeing the old year out, hadn't we?" and he laughed immensely again at his joke.

I explained to him what I really wanted, and he produced a few *cartes de visite* of aborigines, and said, "You're a d——d good fellow; you're not proud, and didn't mind looking after the shop, so take them all as a present." I knew I could do no business with him, and so took them, saying I would try and call next morning, if I had time, before starting by the mail. Hearing this he became excited, and asked if I was going by Torres Straits. I said "yes"

"Then you will see a great friend of

mine, a Colonel. Will you give him a parcel for me?"

I promised to do so, and early next morning called for it. My friend was more sober, but still very seedy; he said he had not had time to get the parcel ready, but thanked me all the same for calling, and said, "I've looked out some photos for you, here they are."

"Won't you let me pay for them?" I asked. "Oh, bother the paying, they are not worth anything, so take them," was the response. Thus I got a second bundle of photos gratis, but out of the lot I could only select one or two tolerable ones; and, as the steamer was delayed in consequence of New Year's Day, I was unable to get more at other places.

After my interview with the photographer, I went to the Museum, and then roamed about the streets; there were lots of natives about, villainous-looking fellows, also a good many women, very scantily attired, and almost all with sucking infants at their breasts. I wonder what the late Lord Mayor would have said to the costumes out here, and especially to my photos.

I visited the Botanical Gardens and had a great treat. The Captain and my friend, Mr. C——, had both told me, if I went to the gardens, to make use of their names to Mr. Hill, the Superintendent. I found him busy with his men, surrounded by a number of dogs. I introduced myself, and mentioned Mr. C——'s name. Mr. Hill took me round. I must say that Brisbane possesses the most tidy and well-classified Botanical Garden of any place I have visited. They lack the beautiful natural advantages of Sydney, and the large area of the Christchurch gardens; but for neatness, artistic skill in arrangement, and classification they are far superior.

Mr. Hill is a genius, and a born botanist, and his soul is in his garden. I do not know what the age of his bantling is, or how long he has fathered it, but I know how old Brisbane is, and giving the garden the same age, it is a marvel to me how he could have got such splendid specimens together in that short period. I went most carefully round with my courteous guide, and found many wonders and novelties. The good strong

coffee plants and thriving tea bushes, and well-fruited mango trees bore testimony that Mr. Hill had not neglected to introduce the more useful specimens. His attempts have not always proved a success, for every road-side and uncleared bit of land bore tokens of the introduction of one plant which is as gall and wormwood to the good gentleman, for it has thriven so well that it has become a nuisance, in the same way that Pampas grass and a certain showy thistle will, I fear, prove a curse to us in the future, and as sweetbrier has already become in New Zealand. Mr. Hill gave me several seeds, and would have loaded me with cuttings, &c., but my long route prevented my taking anything of the sort.

I went a second time to the gardens and enjoyed a stroll. There is a very fine avenue of Auraucarias by the river, and the Lotus lakes are very picturesque. I also paid a visit to my fellow-traveller, the Superintendent of Police, before starting, and he kindly offered me a good many specimens of native spears, &c., but I could not accept them on account of their bulk. He told me that he

would be down at the wharf to see me off, and that he had spoken to the officer commanding the government despatch boat, to give me a free passage to the steamer. After a farewell lunch at the club, and a hearty hand-shaking with those who had been so hospitable to me, I went down and found the little steamer "Kate," puffing and blowing, evidently fretting at being kept waiting so long for the mails. At last they arrived and, having let go, we started for the steamship "Brisbane," waving our farewell to the Superintendent and other friends, who had seen us safely on board the "Kate."

I had more time, going down the river, to survey the town and admire its beauties, and to understand the numerous bends in the stream. As we neared the mangrove swamp, I was reminded of the lower part of the Hoogly. Several gentlemen and ladies came with us for a pleasure trip, but the sea was so high that they could not come on deck. As we passed the emigrant ship, the passengers gave us a cheer. Poor souls! I did not envy them, for though Australia is a

good country for a hale strong young fellow, it is a poor place if you happen to fall ill.

The sea was so rough that it was only by a great effort that we could jump from the paddle-box of the fidgety little "Kate" on board the "Brisbane," and we passed a very unpleasant night. I must mention here that the route we were now taking, lay between what is called "the barrier reef" and the mainland, and is so intricate and interspersed with islands that, unless the weather is very favourable and the night clear, steamers only travel by day. It was, of course, the interest attached to scenery amidst these innumerable islands that induced me to take this route, and I was well repaid; not only was every moment taken up with some new object, some new island to look at, but my companions were all nice, well up in the geography of the place, and full of anecdotes of the country we were leaving.

The doctor, whom I have mentioned before, told me a characteristic story of this strange land and its still stranger population. A man once came to consult him, when he was a new arrival and struggling for

practice; the fellow was a rough-and-ready sort of man, apparently straight from the "diggings." He complained of his heart. The doctor sounded it, but could find nothing wrong. He then said it was his lungs. The stethoscope was applied, and the lungs were pronounced sound. He next said it was his liver, but the doctor, after minutely examining him, could detect nothing wrong. Thinking that perhaps he was hypochondriacal, he assured him there was no organic disease of any kind, anywhere, and that he was as strong a man as he had ever examined, whereupon the fellow said with a grin, "I know that!" and at the same time, putting his hand into his bosom, pulled out some gold, which he offered the doctor. My friend declined it, on the score that he had not prescribed for the patient, and there was nothing the matter with him. The fellow again grinned and said, "I knew that all along; but, mate, I brought this pile down here to spend, and I don't see why you should not have some of it as well as anyone else." The doctor, to humour him, took a fee, and then let the good fellow go on his

way, to spend, or squander, the rest as he pleased.

Many pretty traits of character of a similar nature came under my notice, which, though fondly treasured up, are scarcely worth mentioning here.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINNING AN ISLAND—WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE—SUGGESTIVE NAMES—CURIOUS PASSENGERS—"IN MEMORIAM"—ANT-HILLS—MR. JARDINE TURNS THE TABLES ON THE NATIVES—THURSDAY ISLAND—MISSIONARY PERILS—THE GERMAN DOCTOR AND HIS CANNIBAL HOSTS—A NEW GUINEA BELLE'S FULL DRESS COSTUME—PEARL FISHERIES—GOOD-BYE TO AUSTRALIA.

THREADING our way amidst these endless islands to which I have referred, only steaming in daylight and making fast by night near some lightship, we passed a very agreeable time. The Captain had promised that if possible he would stop off "Percy Island, No. 2," and lower a boat for us to land and look after the well-being of two men he had left there years ago. The place had a tragic fascination for him, for, whilst in command of the "Normanby" some years previous, he had run on a sub-

merged rock not marked on the chart, and only his presence of mind in running at full speed on the beach, saved the passengers, mails, and the vessel itself. He knew exactly where it was, and that a fine sandy beach lay close at hand, and so, notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the ship making water by the gallon, he ran her head on shore and got her safely beached. He, in consequence, had a grant of the Island made over to him by Government, and had left two men with some sheep and provisions to take charge of it. The storms had so delayed us and the sea ran so high that the Captain could not perform his promise, but we went so near the island that with my glass I could distinctly see cockatoos in the trees and make out the various foliage. I noticed some fine pines, which must have been of very great size. We also saw a shoal of fish rushing on the beach and dashing themselves out of the water like a glimmering flash of silver, to escape the pursuit of a shark. As it was a lovely moonlight night the Captain did not anchor, but crept up Whitsunday Passage, much to our vexa-

tion, for it is by far the most beautiful part of the voyage. It is so narrow that it reminded me of the Avon winding through the rocks at Clifton ; but, alas ! I could only distinguish enough of its beauty to make me, like Saint Perch, wish for daylight.

I find by my diary that we left Bowen at seven a.m. on the 6th, having landed the mails; no one went ashore. We had it terribly rough that night, and had to lay to. Next day we crept along the coast, scenery very beautiful, and waterfalls very distinct, owing to the heavy rains that had fallen. I saw a camp fire round which several natives were walking. We passed some very high cloud-capped mountains, also Peter Bolt's mountain, so called from its striking resemblance to its namesake in the Mauritius. We arrived at Cooktown Harbour about half-past five p.m. Mail-boat came off, but too rainy and squally to land. Off again at three a.m. We coasted along in smooth water all next day. At one place two large canoes came off to reconnoitre us. The natives here are regular savages, and are said to leave nothing on the bones of those they capture. Many

were the stories told me by my fellow-passengers of their cunning and cruelty; but I always gleaned that they got a Roland for their Oliver, and the terms, "potting at natives" and "nigger-hunting," were very frequently used. We passed an old hull lying high and dry, with its weather-beaten ribs sticking up like a weird skeleton, and telling a tale of misfortune that occurred years ago. The names of places here are terribly suggestive of the dangerous nature of the navigation—for instance, Calamity Bay—whilst others are named after vessels which were wrecked in these waters. As we neared the next lightship there was a slight commotion caused by our having to put off some provisions and men. What a dreary life to be shut up for three months in one of those sloops! The main excitement seems to consist in watching for hostile canoes; only two or three men are on board, but they are well armed. We anchored for the night, and I was quite glad we did so, for the sake of the Captain and Pilot. They were incessantly on duty, charts always out on the bridge, and glasses up every minute; it is a terribly

responsible position, but they have grand men to do the work. Next day was very squally, and I find by my diary that we lay alongside a lightship that night again. We tried fishing, but the current was too strong.

I may here mention some curious passengers we had on board, viz., a cassowary, an opossum, and two black swans, all consigned to a well-known wealthy Chinese gentleman residing in Singapore. The cassowary was a very friendly fellow, and amused me much by the impudent way in which he poked his beak into John Chinaman's food. They say that they become as domesticated as cats, and are very fond of children.

We started again at four a.m., and, just as daylight had fairly set in, came to Albany Passage. On nearing it a number of tall red obelisks appeared, and I was told they were monuments erected to the memory of Europeans who had been massacred by the natives. I fully believed it, as also did many other passengers, but on approaching nearer I found that they were gigantic ant-hills, some

measuring, I should say, twenty-five feet. At a distance they did look very like monuments. The passage between the island and mainland is so narrow that there seemed scarcely water enough for us. As we passed Mr. Jardine's house we whistled loudly and soon saw some females in white garments waving handkerchiefs from the verandah. This Mr. Jardine is a local celebrity, and many are the stories of the way in which he has been made the intended victim of the natives. On one occasion he got authentic information that they intended making a night surprise and massacring him and all the household. He very quietly slipt out and lay in ambush with his people. At the appointed hour the savages arrived and rushed into his bedroom, transfixing with their knives and spears a dummy which Mr. Jardine had placed in his bed; when to their surprise the house was surrounded by some stout hearts, and they say sixteen natives were killed on the spot. Mr. Jardine is a perfect terror to them, for they never know when he will appear with his six-shooter amongst them. The scenery about Thursday

Passage was very beautiful, and we were soon amidst the group of lovely islands that the celebrated Captain Cook named after the days of the week respectively in which he discovered them. It is impossible to omit mentioning the admiration I felt for this great navigator, as I passed everywhere tokens of his discoveries in these hitherto unknown regions. To this day his charts are the best out, though of course they will be superseded by the elaborate ones now being made by the Admiralty.

Just before we took in a second pilot at the signal station, we passed the wreck of the ill-fated "Mecca," the sea breaking piteously over her. I know of few things so hopelessly depressing as the sight of the sea dashing over a wreck. Gently, and so placidly that the movement was scarcely perceptible, we crept into the bay, and got our first glimpse of Thursday Island; but so much alike are all these islands, and so winding and mazelike was the entrance, that I was constantly getting them all mixed up together.

As we neared, we found the steam-ship

"Ocean" aground, so that absolutely right and left of us we had wrecks. We got all safe to our anchorage, and were soon boarded by the health-officers and resident magistrate. The settlement contains scarcely a dozen houses, and was, I fancy, little more than a station for the pearl fisheries, but it was found to be more convenient for postal purposes than Prince of Wales Island, and so the latter was discarded as a place of call.

Thursday Island is very luxuriant, covered with tropical vegetation; the island just opposite is a mass of mangrove swamps, and abounds in alligators. I would not take a trifle to sleep a night in an open boat there.

Lying near us was the celebrated missionary steamer "Ellangowan." She had just come from New Guinea, where some of her crew had been massacred. A missionary came on board, and gave us a very vivid account of the numerous dangers the survivors had been exposed to. We had a young fellow on board who was about to join in the missionary work out there, and

his blood must have run cold at the details that were poured into his ear. I felt quite sorry for him. He had talked so hopefully about having his sweetheart out to join him in a couple of years, and of forming a happy home. I do not think his dreams likely to be realized. I do not want to say an unjust word about missionaries, but somehow or other wherever I went they were detested as meddlers and busy-bodies who imagined that under the protection of their cloth and the British flag they might do and say anything. Those I have met with, as a rule, have been ignorant, narrow-minded, and egotistical, and I quite endorse the remark made by Lord Northbrook, the other day, that only men of refined minds and high education should be selected for such delicate and important work. I have noticed that our missionaries generally manage to amass a certain amount of wealth wherever they locate themselves. The Roman Catholic missionaries never do. They may possibly enrich their Church, but seldom themselves individually. They are generally liked by both Europeans and natives, and, as a rule,

succeed better than any other Christian denomination.

Amongst other queer characters that I met with in these strange parts, was a German doctor, who had mixed much with cannibals. I asked him how he had managed to get off without serving as a meal for his hosts. He told me that he was fortunate enough to land first where one of the great chiefs was lying ill. It was reported that he (the doctor) was a great medicine man, and he was sent for to see the sick man. He said to me, "Captain, I did give that chief a dose of Croton oil that would have awoke a dead elephant, and then I did leave him for some days to his misery. When I went to see him he was better, but much pulled down by the severity of the aperient, so I took the opportunity to impress on His Highness that I was a great medicine man, and that if he, or any of his people, attempted to eat any portion of me they would have similar or even worse pains. So," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "they did never try."

The Captain of the "Ellangowan" had

had a most marvellous escape. His steamer was lying anchored off the shore, and he was reclining in his cabin during the heat of the day, with, I think, only one black man on board, when, without any warning, the savages boarded them, rushed into his cabin, and the first thing he knew was that he had received a cut across the foot with a hatchet, which had nearly severed it. He jumped up, seized his revolver, and shot the man nearest to him, and then the others retreated. He fastened the door, and looking through a chink into the next cabin, where his only man was, he saw them in the act of murdering him; he fired through the woodwork, and so saved the man's life; then, crawling up the gangway, he continued to fire on the retreating savages until they all jumped overboard and escaped. The hairbreadth escapes of several persons here, with the thrilling incidents connected with them, would fill a large and interesting volume.

The whole settlement bore a ludicrous, wild expression about it; the resident magistrate looked more like a buccaneer than

the personification of law and order. The number of his officers was multitudinous, but I doubt if he ever had a real hard day's work to do.

I went on board the "Ellangowan" to try and pick up some curiosities, but they were all too clumsy and bulky to carry with me on my long homeward journey. I, however, became the happy possessor of a New Guinea belle's full-dress costume; a nice young fellow gave it to me, and he assured me that it was taken off and handed to him by the blushing beauty, in consideration of a florin placed in her hand, there being nothing underneath beyond what nature had provided. The material was a bunch of plaited grass, and might possibly have been worth two pence. I was obliged to decline a further offer of spears, &c., but accepted some feathers and shells.

We parted with several passengers here; amongst others, with an official who had given himself great airs when first he came on board at Sydney, I suppose to impress his young wife with his importance; we almost imagined that a salute would be

fired in his honour on his landing. It was ludicrous to see how, as we neared his destination, he became small by degrees, and beautifully less. We landed him, with his gentle wife and small baby, and saw them enter a bare, uninviting hut. No one paid them the slightest attention, and I think that proverbial colonial hospitality was somewhat grudgingly displayed on this occasion.

I went to see them before starting, for he was, in spite of his bragging, a good sort of fellow. They were beginning to settle down; one or two rooms were in tolerable order; baby's cradle was very conspicuous; the little thing recognised me, and I took her for a bit whilst her mother busied about. The tea-kettle and tea-pot had already been put into requisition. The wife looked depressed, but then she had her husband with her, and, above all, the sweet baby, so of course it was "home" to her at once.

I strolled about, but I did not find many specimens of flowers and ferns. I saw an attempt at a garden, and found that of course it was a speculation of a Chinaman. They never let an opportunity slip of turning

an honest penny. There is, I believe, a good business done here in pearl-fishing, but it seems, as usual, that the proprietor gets the shells, and some one else the pearls. I was shown one or two for which a price was asked that would have made Hunt and Roskell smile.

The place was in a perfect ferment of excitement from having the crew and passengers of the "Mecca" (chiefly Chinamen) landed amongst them, and some feared an émeute. Some hundred Chinamen, and only a score of Englishmen, did not look well. The resident magistrate compelled our Captain to take off a goodly portion of them. It was the law, no doubt, but it was not comfortable to know that, in addition to our own Chinese crew and passengers, we were to be burdened with so many more. If they had taken it into their heads to be disagreeable, they were about fifteen to one, and numerous anecdotes were current of Chinese crews overpowering the Europeans and seizing the ship.

Just as we were starting from this dangerous place, the "Mecca," a total wreck,

on the one hand, and the " Ocean " stranded and leaking on the other, we heard a ticking of the telegraph bell, and the Captain shouting out in stentorian voice, " Stand by your anchors." Then came a general scurry and another shout, "Let go," and a rattle of running out cables, and a splashing of the anchor in the water. I thought we were aground, but could scarcely credit it, when presently up came the chief engineer, and in a couple of words explained it all. It seems that he was standing in the engine-room, by the signal telegraph, when one of the small-pipes gave way, filling the engine-room with steam, and blinding and scalding the engineer in charge, so that he could not see to do anything. The chief engineer at once stopped the engine and signalled on deck, so that in an instant we were anchored, or we should have been carried by the current into shoal water.

Everything was done without confusion or fuss, and in a short time the necessary repairs were made and we were again steaming away. The surgeon promptly attended to the scalded man and made him comfort-

able. I could not help feeling a wee bit relieved when we got out of these straits, and saw the clear blue ocean stretching out on all sides around us; at the same time it was comforting to know how admirably the ship was officered. The chief engineer was a man of peculiar temperament, always cool and collected. I noticed him on several occasions of trial. The Captain, though a rough and ready "fire-eater" was a first-rate sailor. Here then I take my leave of Australia, the grandest "*island*" in the world; and although I did not like it as well as New Zealand, I must always look back with pleasure to my short visit there.

CHAPTER IX.

VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS—STRANGE PASSENGERS—ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A PLAYFUL PIG AND A VISIONARY CASSOWARY—SINGAPORE—CHINAMAN'S NEW YEAR'S DAY—A VERY SHORT CREED—DETAINED BY MONSOONS—"A DAM GOOD GROG SHOPE"—THE CHINESE QUESTION—COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

ON Saturday, the 11th January, 1880, we were steaming into Arefura Sea. I had never heard of it before, but that was owing to my ignorance, for it is marked on all the maps. It was rather rough. We caught a curious bird, not known by any of the passengers, about the size and colour of a crow, with a blueish grey patch on the head, and web feet. By the next morning we were in the Arefura Sea; the smoothness of the water was lovely, and I saw large shoals of flying fish. The sunset was most gorgeous.

On the 13th we passed many islands,

chiefly inhabited by friendly natives. These islands are celebrated for birds of Paradise. We passed Cape Jacki about three p.m.; this is the eastern point of the Island of Timor, celebrated for the beautiful ponies so much used in China. It is also the entrance to the Flores Sea. We saw here two very large native boats, called Poows. They were making for a northern port in Australia, with which they do a large trade On the night of the 13th we passed the mail-steamer "Somerset," and in the morning we sighted the splendid volcanic island of Komba. There was much discussion, argument, and excitement as to whether it was smoking or only cloud-capped; but in the evening all the non-smokers gave in, for against the cloudless sky a distinct column of smoke was visible. Next day we passed a very fine volcanic mountain, called "Mount Bomba," in full activity; it was nine thousand feet high, and presented a splendid appearance.

Few can imagine the interest experienced in passing all these wonderful islands and volcanoes so little known to the general public. The following day we again passed

volcanic mountains—one, "Tambora," over nine thousand feet, and Mount Lomboc eleven thousand two hundred and thirty, both extinct.

We went through the Straits of Saponei at four a.m. I got up to see the passage; the land was very low on either side, but beautifully wooded—there might be a good settlement here. It was very lonely as regards meeting other ships—we only saw one European sail besides the "Somerset" in all this voyage.

The squalls here were very heavy, but our passengers, the cassowary and the two black swans, enjoyed the rain immensely; the former was great fun. The opossum slept like a dormouse through all the bad weather.

I must not forget also amongst other passengers to mention a friendly pig, who had been invited by the captain to take a sea-voyage until called upon to grace the festive board, probably on Christmas-day; he was a fine plump little fellow, and the very look of him suggested crackling and sage and onions. He had lost part of his tail (pro-

bably by rats) in early youth, but he flourished the stump gloriously when in good humour. I called him friendly, but I am afraid he was also somewhat proud, for he used to visit the geese, fowls, and sheep, who were in confinement, with a haughty, patronizing air, and grunt his satisfaction in a manner that bespoke a full appreciation of the fact that he had his liberty, and they had not. He was a clean pig, and did not mind sundry buckets of salt-water being thrown over him every morning when decks were washed; but the real joy of his existence was racing round the capstan when the sun was shining brightly, and giving vent to squeaks of delight at his own activity. He was, of course, a favourite, especially with John Chinaman, who always loves a pig dead or alive; and his lines were cast in pleasant places until we reached Brisbane. There, alas! we took in three passengers before mentioned, who also had the liberty of the forepart of the ship—to wit, the cassowary and black swans.

Now the cassowary was a vain bird, with a mincing gait, like a fashionable belle in

the days of high-heeled boots and Grecian bends, and *it* (for I did not know its sex) had no eyes for mundane objects; its vision was entirely absorbed with things on its own level, or, indeed, even higher. It used to take stock of the yard-arms and top-masts in a deliciously nautical way, and, with one leg poised up, uncertain where to place it, would look aloft to see whether the wind had not shifted half a point, or whether all the brasswork on the quarter-deck had been duly polished—it was a rare bird for a bit of glitter! In the meantime master pig would come bounding along, and somehow get mixed up with the cassowary's legs, and in return get such a peck that he would go squeaking away, and remain sulky for many minutes.

I don't think the cassowary really ever had an idea there was a pig on board, for even when it pecked it always seemed to look another way. But if master pig suffered from an enemy too fond of star-gazing, he was not more fortunate with the swans, who were equally fond of mundane affairs. These swans were perpetually poking their necks

and bills under the troughs provided for the other poultry, in search of loose grain, and more especially for water. Now piggy had enjoyed this right for some time previous to the arrival of these interlopers, and therefore resented their poaching on his preserves, but he was generally unsuccessful in driving them off; and one day when he tried rather harder than usual to hustle them from his ground, the swan caught him by the ear, and it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker," the unhappy ear being the connecting link, and poor piggy's squeals a good accompaniment. When he got his ear free he retired to his own diggings in disgust. He was an altered pig from that time, and knew no more pleasure until the swans and cassowary were landed at Singapore.

We passed "Caramita Islands" on the 19th of January, and could see the palms growing down to the water's edge. A fine man-of-war trawl followed us here some distance. As we had a fair wind we expected to make Singapore on the 20th, but heavy monsoons came on and the weather was so thick that we had to anchor for the

night instead of running in. The approach to Singapore on this side is very uninteresting. The weather, and everything else, reminded me so much of Burmah. We reached our anchorage at seven a.m. and after breakfast went ashore.

I was surprised to see so much shipping here, and such fine quays and docks; every company has its own coaling shed on the water's edge, which contains thousands of tons, and when (as happens occasionally) a fire breaks out very great injury is done. We were surrounded by a host of vendors of everything, from pine-apples to easy-chairs, also boats loaded with trashy coral and shells, and filled with naked boys ready to dive for coppers.

The Malays are not a good-looking lot, but their costume is neat, and the low-crowned cap they wear is more convenient than a turban, or any other usual oriental head-dress. I got into a nice little "gharri," just like the Calcutta ones, drawn by a marvellous pony; the roads are mainly level, or no pony could have drawn such a vehicle.

I was so pleased with the "Brisbane," and the captain was so anxious for me to go on in her, that, although a day or two in Singapore would have been a nice change, I determined to continue my journey in her, more especially as they volunteered to take me on at through rates. The climate and scenery of Singapore are so similar to Burmah that I did not care very much to remain there, during the Monsoon weather, longer than was absolutely necessary. The road to the town, which lay about two miles off, was very flat and lined with bamboo huts, cocoa-nut trees, bamboo clumps, and ditches filled with caladiums.

The day before we landed, our Captain had asked his body-servant "When belong to Chinaman New Year's Day?" on which he was assured "To-morrow all same like New Year's Day;" and verily the noise of crackers, tom-toms &c., the crowds of well-dressed Chinamen we met, the gorgeous flaming posters in Chinese characters, over every lintel, and against every door-post, betokened a grand rejoicing of a very well-to-do class of people.

The children were especially interesting, dressed in the highest style of Chinese fashion with flowing silks and satins, and the little girls' tiny ten toes were tucked into tiny shoes that looked very grotesque; all the children had their faces smeared with a white powder to give them a fair complexion, and rouge was abundantly applied over that; many were going about in gilded go-carts, but most were in gharries with their parents. Wherever I have come in contact with Chinese, their love for their children was most conspicuous; hence I feel convinced that only absolute poverty tempts them to destroy them, as they most undoubtedly do in many parts of China, of which more hereafter.

I considered myself extremely lucky to be amongst a large Chinese population on so interesting an occasion. The tables were still out in the streets, on which lay the débris of fruit, rice, cakes, and flowers, that had the night before been offered up to the spirits of departed relatives. The crows and dogs must have had a fine time of it; the spirits of a more material kind always disappear,

but they are known to be taken by parties in the flesh, and not by the spirits of the blest. A friend of mine asked a wealthy Chinaman if he believed in all this ceremony; he answered openly that he did not, but that being rich he was expected to bear his share in these ceremonials, and would lose caste if he neglected this duty. They were paying the New Year's visit to each other, and John Chinaman with a twinkle of the eye continued "I only believe one thing, and that is, if you drink Champagne long enough you'll get drunk;" that summed up the belief of a good many thousand Chinamen.

I was much struck by the canal running through the town with its crowd of boats; it was the first time I had seen so much life on the water.

I called at the Post Office for letters, and also posted some; the officials were very loath to give me change for English money, but, when persuaded to change a sovereign, I found they had not forgotten to dock me off two shillings in the change.

I had a friend in the civil service stationed

here, so I made for his Bungalow. I found him very seedy, as he had just returned from a tour to Penang, and was suffering from jungle fever. However, during my stay he rallied a good bit, and it was a great pleasure to get information respecting this strange settlement from one so capable of imparting it.

The wealth of flowers and ferns is indescribable, and made me long for packing cases, and unlimited command of freight. Whilst looking at some odds and ends in a shop in the square, I saw in one of the trees close by an orchid in blossom that Mr. Veitch would have coveted. I saw here also, for the first and only time, the "Amherstea" in blossom, and my friend Mr. S—— gave me a climbing fern which was quite new to me; he had only found it on his late tour.

I called on a friend at the Mess-House of the Regiment quartered in Singapore, and as he was out I got permission to write him a note in the library. I was a complete stranger to all present, but they accepted my card as a voucher of my respectability, and provided me with everything necessary for writing. Whilst seated alone writing, to

my great annoyance, a good-natured, but very forward fellow-traveller from Australia made his appearance and seemed inclined to take advantage of his good fortune in finding me in such excellent quarters, by staying. I was in such terror lest one of the officers should return and find me closeted with this man, that I was obliged to tell him I was myself a stranger there, and that unless he had business of his own to transact he had better clear off. To my great joy he did so before anyone came, so I was thus saved an awkward explanation. He had mistaken the place for an hotel.

I went to the Botanical Gardens, but it was so wet that there was little pleasure in doing so. I dined with Mr. S——, and had reluctantly to leave after dinner, as we were to sail next morning at seven a.m.

When I awoke next morning, I thought the ship was very steady, and looking out of my port, I found we were not moving, and indeed had not left our mooring. I went on deck and saw the Captain, who told me he had orders to stand fast. The "Normanby," a sister mail-ship, was missing from Hong

Kong, and if she did not turn up the "Brisbane" must take the mails back to Sydney in her stead. Much uneasiness was felt, for the monsoon had been very heavy, and no end of shipping disasters had been telegraphed. After a consultation the Captain kindly asked me still to remain on board, and wait to see whether there was a chance of my going on with him. Again I went ashore and saw the town and processions. I visited friends at the hotel and dined there, the very worst hotel I came across in all my travels, and of course the most expensive. After dinner we took a gharri and went round the bazaars, especially those in the Chinese quarter; they were very pretty, being *en fête* and brilliantly lighted up with lanterns. The signs amused me much; one was advertised as a "dam good grog shope." At night I went on board, but found no sign of starting.

Next morning after breakfast I had a long consultation with the skipper, and he fairly owned that he saw no chance of getting away, though he persisted that there was no real cause of alarm for the safety of the

"Normanby." The conference between the Captain, the agent, and another nautical friend reminded me much of a similar one described in "Dombey and Son" as being held by Captain Cuttle and his friend.

Well, as all chance of going on in the "Brisbane" seemed over, I packed up and got my traps on shore, but was most sorry to leave, for we had such a nice euchre party, consisting of the doctor aforesaid, who was a splendid fellow, the purser, and that cool, steady chief-engineer. Then the Captain had been so friendly, and he and I were so well matched at ship's quoits; but what could I do? I could not remain longer, so I left my address with the purser in case any news arrived, and then set off to see about getting on in some other ship. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, in consideration of my having sailed in their vessels to Melbourne so recently, were willing to take me at through rates; but then, there was no mail due for ten days, and that was rather too long to stay with my friend, though he was willing to give me free quarters.

The Messagerie asked a fabulous sum to

Hong-Kong, and as my means were limited, and I had many thousand miles before me, I did not dare incur any extra expense. I tried another company, but they were worse. Dollars seemed to be water to them, and they did not hesitate to stick it on. I really think I could have got to Liverpool cheaper than to Hong-Kong. At last I determined to go to Mr. S——, and see what would turn up, and, if needs must, wait for a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The S——s were most glad to see me again, and had a room all ready. They had engaged to lunch and dine out, not dreaming that I should turn up again, and were greatly distressed at being obliged to leave me alone on my first day, but I managed to amuse myself. I got a mungosteen to look at; unfortunately this princely fruit was not ripe. About five p.m., just as I was thinking of unpacking, a telegram came from the purser, to say, "Normanby all safe at Hong-Kong, we start at seven a.m." I cannot say I was quite glad, and yet it solved a difficulty. Luckily I had not unpacked.

When S—— came home, I told him I must

be off; he was much vexed, but sent off to order a gharri to take me on board after dinner. Alas! it being John Chinaman's holiday, every gharri was hired. Mr. S—— required his own to go out to dinner, so there was nothing for it but to accept the very kind offer of another gentleman, who proposed to send me in his private gharri down to my steamer after it had taken him to the Colonial Secretary's, where he was engaged to dine. I had a lonely dinner, and amused myself as best I could till the gharri arrived.

Singapore, like Brisbane, and other places to be named hereafter, was beginning to get uneasy on the Chinese question, and many whom I spoke to took a serious view of the enormous "celestial population" that was growing around. I think that the troops stationed there, are either too many or too few; if a necessity exists for an armed force at all, the handful of troops there is simply a farce; if on the contrary there is no necessity for such a precaution, it is simply a waste of money and health to keep Europeans in such a miserable climate. Whilst

here we heard of a serious conflagration at Hong-Kong, and numerous were the stories of the Chinese atrocities, and their well-known love of incendiarism; this, of course, had a great effect on the good people of Singapore, and served to make my informant more than ever suspicious of their Chinese neighbours. Everyone was most bitter against Mr. Pope Hennessy, the Governor of Hong-Kong, and I expected to find in that gentleman a very demon of Popish bigotry and Chinese worship. Oh! who would be a colonial Governor? I had passed through the realms of half-a-dozen Governors, and never met one who ought not, according to popular opinion, to have been beheaded. One, they said, was terrified out of his life by the Maories, and was certainly bringing on a fresh Maori outbreak by his cowardly truckling to them; another played into the hands of the Radicals until no property was safe. Another, forsooth, was guilty of the enormous sin of dabbling in race-horses. I could scarcely refrain from mentioning such names as Palmerston, Derby, Richmond, Bentinck, and Hartington in connection with

this crime, but I thought I might spoil fun if I did so. Then another was a beast, because he treated the military in such a snobbish way; but poor Mr. Pope Hennessy did all and worse, yet I found Hong-Kong scarcely in a revolution, and though the Governor was certainly very unpopular, I am sure on some points he had acted with great wisdom and singleness of purpose. But what Protestant could ever forgive his having kissed the Roman Catholic Bishop's hand immediately on his arrival? And then, had he not broken an opium monopoly and injured many merchants thereby? I think the real cue to his unpopularity lay in the fact that he was a civilian, and an upright Governor, and, moreover, not ashamed of the religion he had been born in.

Since the above was written, the Governor of Hong-Kong has been created a K.C.B. I wonder whether he has committed any further atrocities since I left.

CHAPTER X.

SWIMMING FEATS—THE GREAT BEAR AND SOUTHERN CROSS VIS-A-VIS—THE FIRST JUNK—HONG-KONG—A PEPPERY COLONEL—LIFE ON BOARD A SAMPAN—A PIG CARRIED IN STATE—TRACES OF THE CONFLAGRATION—THE BOTANICAL GARDENS—VIEW FROM THE "POINT"—STRAIGHT TIPS FOR THE RACES—MOTLEY POLICE—LEAVE HONG-KONG IN THE "OCEANIC."

I GOT again on board about twelve o'clock, and found my old cabin all ready for me. The Chinese boy who had attended upon me came and shook hands with me, and said he was glad I had come back; indeed, on board this comfortable ship all were kind and friendly, and I was quite glad to get amongst them again.

Before we started in the morning, we had some final swimming races for the boys; we made them do a "steam-packet boat," a feat performed by whirling the arms round in

imitation of the paddle-wheel, and splashing with the legs at the same time, and making a huge puffing and whistling; they also did a train in motion, swimming in single file, holding on to each other by one leg.

The steaming out of the harbour was much more interesting than the arrival there, as the weather was so much finer.

I find that nothing of much interest occurred until the 27th, when a valve went wrong, and one of the engineers was scalded badly. The weather was very bad, what is called regular "monsoon."

All captains agree that the China Sea is most treacherous; however, we ate and drank and played quoits and "euchre," and were very jolly. I went on deck several nights to see the Great Bear and Southern Cross calmly contemplating each other. It is not often you see these two mighty constellations visible together. As a constellation the Bear is much the finer, but you must not say so to those who have lived long in the southern hemisphere, for they love their dear Cross most fondly. One pretty Christchurch maiden was very wroth

with me for hinting that it did not look much like a cross. I told her she had evidently looked at it with some one near her who did not make her *cross.*

On Thursday, 30th January, as we began to draw nearer to land, we came across a great many fishing-junks. In days long gone by I remember how interested I was in visiting that first junk that came to Blackwall, to go on board which I paid one shilling. Here were hundreds of grand, clumsy old hulks, labouring away in couples, trawling for fish. We passed some so near that I could distinctly make out the ever-watchful eye painted on the bows, and the queer sails of matting. No one ever seemed stirring on board, whilst the huge lamps floundered and tossed enough to make a qualmish person deadly sick by even looking at them.

Next day was very stormy, almost as rough as I had seen it at all; there were hundreds of junks still trawling for fish, often I counted forty together.

The day cleared, and we passed numerous islands, some of them very important as

landmarks, so much so that I wondered we had not annexed them when we took Hong-Kong, to erect lighthouses on. We passed also some Chinese burial grounds, and then got a fair view of the one range of hills that in reality constitute the island. The Convent and several houses of rich merchants looked very snug nestling in the ravines.

A busy little Admiralty steamer was puffing away, having on board a freight of well-dressed people, evidently out for a pic-nic. We felt rather grand passing this noisy little shrimp; then we rounded the corner, and came into the lake-like harbour of Hong-Kong.

We were immediately surrounded by innumerable "sampans," the boatmen of which, notwithstanding the speed we were going at, managed to hook on and get towed by us. They had chiefly fruit for sale.

There was a good deal of trouble in getting to anchorage. A well-dressed Chinaman seemed to have something to do in assigning our berths to us, whilst a pompous English authority gave counter-orders; and

so we were hustled backwards and forwards to our great annoyance. Then the unfortunate chief-officer let go the starboard instead of the port-anchor, and, oh, was not there a row? It reminded me of a peppery old colonel we once had, and my giving the word "left" instead of "right wheel" to my company, and thus "clubbing the regiment." He simply hissed a volley of oaths at me, and still his feelings were too much for him, so he called out "Major ——! My God, will you put the men straight again, and send that officer to drill?" He then rode off to console himself with a glass of brandy and water. He was a good fellow nevertheless, and took wine with me that night at mess, having previously told the adjutant to tell me that I need not attend drill. But to return to the "sampans."

I felt I was really now in celestial waters, being surrounded by these queer boats. Do not think that I am exaggerating when I say there were thousands, for no one knows how many there are; and the living population who are born, live, and die in these floating-

houses is reckoned by tens of thousands. These boats have been often described, but the writers always failed to give me a really good idea of what they are like. I should describe them as rather punt-shaped boats, narrowing at the prow, and having a square compartment about midship, covered with an arch of bamboo matting stretched over willow hoops. On the sides and back of this square well are seats covered with cushions, and a curtain or bamboo "chick" (blind) is drawn down to keep out sun or rain. The family are stowed mysteriously and wonderfully in a hole between the centre compartment and the place where the steersman stands. They do all their cooking forward once a day only, and eat then hot food, at all other times cold.

The "sampan" that took me ashore had on board papa and mamma, and either a younger sister or eldest daughter of mamma, and three little toddles ranging from seven to two. Mamma and the big girl pulled the oars standing, using one foot as a lever. Papa steered, and the little boy pretended to assist him by holding on to the tiller-handle,

whilst one of the little girls assisted her mother in much the same manner. The baby was tied on to its mother's back. I and another passenger, with all our portmanteaus, &c., were stowed in the hole under cover, so it was a heavy boat-load. Hong-Kong reminded me much of Gibraltar, whilst the bay, harbour, and islands recalled to my mind the islands off the north of Scotland. The town rises in tiers up the rock just like "Gib."

I did not land till next morning after breakfast; on landing the first thing that struck me was the polyglot dialect and cosmopolitan look of the population; there were Punjabees, English, French, Germans, Malays, and Chinamen, all hustling each other. Whilst walking to my hotel I met a Chinese procession; the inevitable roast pig, highly ornamented, was being carried in a gorgeous litter as a present. The donors were, I fancy, paying a visit of ceremony. The pig was roasted whole, and seemed to have been coloured with cochineal. The Hong-Kong Hotel is very conveniently situated, and is by no means a bad establishment. I think the charge was four dollars

per day, including everything but liquors. The dining-room was very spacious, with small tables to accommodate from two to eight persons, so that you could make up your own party. The bill of fare was most excellent. The room was, however, rather noisy from having a bar and bowling-alley attached. I went almost immediately on landing to call on a very nice person who had come out with me in the" Australia" as far as Ceylon. He was an attaché of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and I had taken a great fancy to him. We went together to call on a lady who had also been a fellow-passenger of ours. I found that she had, on seeing my name amongst the passengers, sent her husband down to the hotel to call on me, and take me up to stay with them. The gentlemen had also most kindly put my name down as a member of a most excellent and comfortable club which is established there. I declined a room in their house, as I felt I should be more independent at the hotel; and as my stay necessarily could only be a very short one, I determined to give up all English society, and devote myself

to seeing all I could of the place. My friend Dr. A—— was of the utmost assistance to me, and my trips about were made pleasant by having his wife as a companion.

Poor Hong-Kong bore but a dull and blackened appearance owing to the late conflagration; but I do not think it was more blackened by the fire than the characters of the poor Chinamen have been by evil reports. From all I could learn the fire seemed to be the work of a European incendiary, and as for the Chinese offering any difficulties or cutting the hose, as they were reported to have done, it seems that the reverse was the case. The Chinese were the sufferers, and I heard on all sides (I am sorry to say) reports of the soldiers having looted and behaved very badly. I give Hong-Kong the credit of being the cleanest foreign town I was ever in, and when you take into consideration the usual dirty habits of the Chinese it is the more creditable. The town, for miles, lies chiefly along the water's edge, and you may say is almost composed of one long street, like an esplanade. The buildings, like all in tropical

towns, are large and airy, which gives the place a very imposing appearance. Many private houses and residences generally are scattered up the sides of the hill, looking like those at Malaga. The Botanical Gardens are prettily laid out, and show how much care and labour has been expended on them, but it is difficult to make a garden on a barren hill-side. Millions of trees have been planted in favourable places, and may do well, but I fear the wrong kinds have been selected. Judging from many I saw, that had been, according to my informant, planted for years and were yet stunted starvelings, I scarcely think that the same kinds will flourish though planted in larger masses. Banyans, blue-gum (Eucalyptus), and teak would, I think, do better than conifers. A most lovely drive has been cut, at immense trouble, on a high level above the sea; and it is most delicious to walk along it of an evening, and survey the beautiful harbour and distant Chinese coast, with the town lying hushed beneath you. The grand tour at Hong-Kong is to go to the "Point" as a signal station, on the very

crest of the mountain-ridge which runs along the whole island, and from which all ships entering the harbour are signalled at many miles off.

In Hong-Kong the mode of travelling is by what is called a "chair;" it is a very light kind of wicker-work sedan chair on two slight poles; these poles rest on the men's shoulders, and are not, like the old sedan chairs, suspended by a strap to the level of the men's waists. The poles are so slight that they give the chair an elastic motion, which at first is unpleasant, especially to ladies who are not good sailors. The idea of these people toiling with you up-hill, wiping the perspiration from their foreheads, is distressing; and, on the whole, I do not like this mode of travelling nearly so well as the "palanquin" of India, or the "jinricksha" of Japan. Of course I do not compare it with travelling by draught animals.

When my friends arranged my trip to the "Point," Mrs. S—— purposely lent me her "chair," as being not only light, but most luxuriously fitted up, with cushions nicely padded, and little baskets attached to the

front to put any light refreshment, work, or books into. The arms, too, were nicely stuffed. I had to have the swinging foot-board adjusted like stirrups to suit the length of my legs, and then, after having been duly overhauled by the proprietress of the chair to see that I was quite comfortable, my four hired bearers set off with me. I was obliged to get out and walk at every steep ascent; I could not bear to see these poor men undergoing such extreme fatigue, although in all probability they had seldom had a lighter burden, and were in the habit of doing the journey every day. However that was no consolation to me, the ascent was very great and seemed to me very long.

I can fancy every man, woman, and child in Hong-Kong (if they ever read this) bursting with laughter at the idea of being overcome with tender anxiety for these unhappy coolies or bearers; nevertheless I was, and I never got reconciled to that mode of travelling. Once on the summit I did not mind, though I daresay in reality the coming down was a greater trial to my team than going up.

The view from the "Point" was very grand. I failed to count the number of large steamers in harbour; men-of-war of all nations were congregated in the portion allotted to such ships, By order of Mrs. A——, the bearers were to take me along the top of the hill for a considerable distance, and then come round by the Admiralty pier and so make a grand round. I was about five hours doing it, and the men were paid only eight shillings in all for the trip. I dined with my friends, and had a regular Indian dinner. I fancied myself at Madras again; the very dishes had a true Madras smack about them. The flowers on the table were not altogether so Indian; there were too many camelias among them, and that somewhat broke the spell.

During my stay I went on Sunday to the cathedral, a nice building, but so entirely allotted to "Dives" that I should say that Lazarus would hardly find a seat in that sacred edifice within earshot of the parson. How strangers notice these things! I wonder if natives do also. I was present at a good cricket match, and enjoyed hearing the excel-

lent band of the 74th Highlanders play. The good people here have not overlooked anything that conduces to health and recreation.

I visited most excellent sea-baths, staked-in to prevent sharks from coming to molest the bathers, and with good dressing-rooms attached. I also visited the boat-houses, and saw first-rate outriggers, &c., for boating is a grand amusement here. The names of winning crews were gorgeously emblazoned on scrolls round the walls. The club, to which I had the *entrée*, was very nice, and everyone seemed desirous to be civil to me. "H.M.S. Pinafore" was being rehearsed in the hotel by amateurs, and seemed to bid fair to be a success. A flower-show and ball were advertised, and I was pressed to stay for both; but time was precious, so I had to say a reluctant "No." I spent some agreeable hours with my friend of the Peninsular and Oriental. They have a princely office, and the *employés* mess together, living very comfortably; but, alas! here, as everywhere else, trade is so bad that everything has to

be cut down, and there is hardly a good opening anywhere for a young fellow in these days. No, dollars counted by hundreds look well on paper at home; but they go by thousands out here, and nothing is left, nothing saved; and this not from extravagance, but simply from necessity, aided by force of example. I had to pay three shillings for having my hair cut; if I had been shampooed or any nonsense of that kind, it would have been six shillings. Living, that is, simply beef, mutton, and fish, is cheap enough; but house-rent, like everything else, is immensely dear; and a climate that necessitates a chair to go barely further than across the street, necessitates also a thousand other costly luxuries. I do not think anyone is too well paid out there, and only the heads of merchant houses and doctors make fortunes. The latter, I fancy, drive a roaring trade, though they, like most of their brethren in London, are very generous where they see that their patients are needy.

One day I was engaged to dine with my young friend at the Peninsular and Oriental

mess, and, to my great embarrassment, I found he had gone on a yachting race to Amoy, and had not returned, though the other two competing yachts had returned many hours. A steam-launch had been sent out to look for the missing vessel, and much anxiety was felt as to their safety. Speculation ran high as to to whether they had run against a rock, or been boarded by a piratical junk. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the companions of my host for the hospitable manner in which they entertained me in his absence: they did all they could to make me feel at home. What is it, I wonder, that makes Englishmen in the colonies so universally hospitable, and so utterly different from your Englishman in a club, hotel, or railway-carriage at home? I need scarcely say I was glad next morning to find that my friend was safe in the office; he had only been becalmed, and had undergone no further privation than being obliged to pick the chicken-bones very clean. I either lunched or dined with my friend Dr. A—— whenever I had an opportunity; in other words, whenever they and I were

disengaged. The food at the hotel was very good, but dining alone is very dull work; so that, notwithstanding that I paid for my board, I seldom troubled them to provide it.

The races were coming on, and that is the event of the year, but I could not remain for them. I was amused to find how absorbingly interesting they were to those residing out there. No Derby or Oaks ever excited so much speculation, and I fancy a good deal of money changes hands on these occasions. The "knowing ones" were the heroes of the hour, and the horsey look and garb, and horsey expression put on for the occasion, were very amusing to a looker-on. Many "straight tips" were given in a "stage whisper," in my hearing, at the club, but the fly did not tempt me, so I did not rise to it. Society in Hong-Kong being made up of naval and military officers, civilians, and merchants, runs very much in cliques; the club, however, is neutral ground. But there was the usual amount of envy, hatred, and malice about the exclusiveness of invitations to military and naval entertainments, and

especially to Government House. I was surprised to find the Germans generally so unpopular. They seemed to be very clannish, and that may have been the reason; but very probably they were driven to be so by the exclusiveness of the English. The shops at Hong-Kong are particularly good, and indeed the prices are moderate for a place where a dollar and a shilling are equivalent. I subsequently visited Canton, but saw nothing in the bazaars there to equal the carving and curiosities I saw in Hong-Kong. Japanese articles are also very good there. The Chinese are extremely fond of photography, and I got some very superior specimens. I may say that Singapore photographs were infinitely the worst I had met with. I cannot well avoid adding one word on the vexed question of the immense Chinese population in Hong-Kong; there are certainly the elements of great mischief in case of any rising, but danger there is none, compared with that at Singapore, for the men-of-war of all nations (who would, of course, co-operate, in case of necessity, where all Europeans are concerned, with the military and police)

would be fully equal to cope with any emergency: they could blow up all Hong-Kong in a few hours.

Talking of police, I never saw such a medley lot as here. Englishmen, with their blue coats and white trousers, half-castes all in white, Punjabees, in blue with crimson puggrees, and Chinamen in loose garments, with the queerest head-dress, reminding one of a limpet shell highly glazed. It was a fact, however, notwithstanding the police with their peculiarity of dress and variety of nationality, that the place was very unsafe at night.

I was simply astounded one night, on my preparing to depart, at say half-past ten, p.m., from my friend Dr. A——'s, to hear Mrs. A—— ask, "Who will go with Captain Jones Parry to his hotel?" I said I knew my way, but, although it was not five hundred yards in a direct line through the heart of the town, I was assured that an escort was absolutely necessary, unless I was armed or had a servant with me. And so, on this and every occasion, I had an escort.

Whether it was absolutely necessary or

not I cannot say; but all the gentlemen there present (and they were all officers connected with Government) assured me it was, and that several people had been attacked at night within a short time previous to our conversation.

When taking my luggage on board the "Oceanic," a magnificent White Star liner, I was much amused at the way the "Sampan" women had managed the sails to save themselves a long pull to the ship's side. On coming back, a black-eyed gipsy-looking little girl sat watching me most intently. I got a silver sixpence and presented it to her. Her joy was nearly equal to her astonishment; she looked at it with wonder, put it into her mouth, and grinned most joyously, then she showed it to her mother, and again held it tight in her little hands, evidently scarcely liking to lose sight of it for a moment; she had never been the possessor of so much wealth before. I think it was money well laid out, for it gave the child so much pleasure.

My last day in Hong-Kong had nearly passed away. My good friends Doctor and

Mrs. A—— had each given me a pretty little Chinese ivory curiosity as a momento of my very pleasant visit, and had promised to come and see me off. Bill paid and breakfast eaten, nothing remained for me to do, but to wait till my friends called to take me on board. The last moments dragged heavily, as they always do on such occasions. At last I heard my name called, and then I prepared to start. We went off in grand style in the Harbour-master's boat, which was well manned with a Chinese crew in sailor costume. Doctor A—— had a patient on board returning to England for his health, and he was anxious to introduce me to him, and asked me to give him a look occasionally. His cabin, I found, was opposite mine, and we became great friends. For a long time he fancied I was a doctor; he had not caught my name. Good-byes were again and again exchanged, and then we were soon placidly steaming out of Hong-Kong harbour. I felt I should never see it again, and could only hope that I might some day meet some of the many kind friends I was leaving behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

A MONSTER SHIP—DENSENESS OF POPULATION—A GRAND WEDDING—POSTS OF HONOUR—SUSA'S SAMPAN—MY GUIDE AH CUM—STREETS OF CANTON—SHOP ARRANGEMENTS—A REMEDY FOR HAIR FALLING OFF—CITY WALLS—TARTAR CADETS—FIVE-STORIED PAGODA—FIVE HUNDRED GENII PAGODA—FLOWER PAGODA.

ALTHOUGH it came earlier in order, I have left my visit to Canton for a separate notice, and shall introduce it now after having bid a final adieu to Hong Kong. One very lovely morning I breakfasted rather earlier than usual, and having got a coolie to carry my hand-bag and ulster, I trudged off, through a motley crowd and a noisy and obtrusive gang of chairmen, to the water's edge, alongside of which, moored to a jetty, lay the "Ichang," a white monster with two funnels and a beam engine, that

was devouring shoals of Chinamen and stowing them goodness knows where.

It seemed to me that all Hong-Kong was afoot that morning, pouring into this leviathan, which was of the same type as the great American river-boats. I asked a policeman if there was any special reason for this great exodus of Chinese, but he informed me that it occurred daily, and that a monster similar to the "Ichang" would gorge itself with Celestials at the same hour on the morrow. This, together with the thousands of junks that are plying daily in these waters, impressed me with the multitude of these people, and I could begin to realize their boast that they are the most numerous of all the families of the earth; and that they possess more vessels than all other nations put together. The steamer was very conveniently moored, and must have drawn very little water for such a huge bulky ship. I went on board by the lower deck gangway, which was most directly on a level with the jetty, and there I passed through hundreds of Chinamen, some sitting on light cane arm-chairs, others squatted on

their haunches, and others lying on rugs, but nearly all smoking; it was a vast cabin filled with a dense smoke; no one noticed me as I passed along to get to a gangway which led to the upper deck. There I found hundreds more, all occupied in smoking or eating fruit; there were some women, but very few. I at last got on the hurricane deck, and there I found only a few better-dressed Chinamen and about a dozen Europeans. I now had time to look round, and was much struck by the vastness of the boat, and when I say that we had nine hundred Chinamen as passengers on board, it must needs have been somewhat larger than my little friend the Wanganui "Storm-bird."

Soon after my arrival a bell rang, and Chinamen began rushing still faster on board, and in their eagerness tumbled over one another, owing to their inconvenient slippers; then arose much shouting, and at last with a heavy thud the beam began to oscillate, the "sampans" scuttled away from under our bows, and we were soon head on towards the real genuine old celestial empire

—to that land that had known civilization before our little island was heard of; that claims for itself an antiquity of one hundred thousand years, and whose literature is fairly admitted to have existed two thousand five hundred years B.C.;* that land which had a decalogue and a moral code like our Sermon on the Mount five hundred years before the Star of Bethlehem had risen, and had adopted a new and second religion when ours was barely one hundred years old. Yes, I was fairly on my way to a land so old that, whilst its birth had become lost in mystery, its people had scarcely changed an atom in all these cycles of years.

I soon made friends with the captain, and found him a most agreeable man. I was lucky also in meeting a German merchant who had resided at Canton for over twenty years. He kindly drew up for me a programme of the sights I ought to see, and the best way of seeing them; he also recommended the same guide as the captain, one named Ah Cum, who had for years been with

* An eclipse was correctly calculated 2155 B.C, and the compass was known 2634 B.C.

the celebrated Archdeacan Gray, whose most interesting work on China I recommend to everyone. My German friend gave me this piece of advice, which I pass on to every intending visitor to Canton. "See two or three of the best Pagodas, and then let the others alone. You cannot see all, and, after the two first are visited, the others have little interest to a casual visitor. Of course, if time admits, see all and read up Archdeacon Gray well before visiting them."

The sea was intensely calm, and reminded one of the north of Scotland. Very shortly we arrived off an island which was the limit of British waters. A Chinese official lives there, and a gun-boat keeps watch for smugglers and pirates. They have here the right to search British vessels also, but seldom avail themselves of it. The captain told me that almost all our passengers made constant trips to and from Canton. The passage-money is a mere trifle, and if on a couple of dozen umbrellas they can clear a few pence over and above their passage-money, they consider themselves well repaid.

We soon got into more open waters, but still it looked like a grand lagoon till we sighted the Bogue forts. I noticed the utter ruin they were in, and could hardly realise that they could ever have given us any trouble.

The river now began to be defined, and reminded me of the entrance to the Irrawaddy without the cocoa-nut palms. We passed lots of junks, all of one type, with their curious mat sails.

The country was very level, evidently a rich alluvial delta magnificently cultivated, chiefly with rice. Here and there lychees, sugar-cane, and bananas appeared, and, wherever there was an eminence, the queer stunted fir-tree which gives such a peculiar character to all Chinese drawings.

Villages now became more numerous, and in each the square dismal-looking tower, which is the pawn-shop, had its location. These, numerous as they are, do not necessarily indicate that much pawning is done, for they are, I understand, largely used (being fire-proof) for storing winter clothing, a small charge being made for housing the

goods. Occasionally we stopped at a village, and were besieged with "sampans" ready to take off passengers. Passing Whampoa I was lucky enough to see a very grand wedding; it reminded me so much of the carved ivory chessmen you see in England under glass-cases. A real mandarin was present, on a white tartar pony, with an umbrella over his head. The bride was in a litter; a splendid retinue surrounded her, carrying presents, flags, &c.; soldiers, too, graced the scene. I pictured in my mind's eye the poor little bride (probably not more than fourteen years old) with her little toes scrunched into tiny, gorgeous slippers, and bethought me of what a dreary fate might await her if her husband, or rather her mother-in law, was not kind to her. It is of far more importance to a Chinese woman to have married where there is a kind mother-in-law than a kind husband. The former is her real mistress, and rules over her daily and hourly, whilst the husband she sees, very often, only of an evening. So completely secluded is she that after marriage she can only occasionally see her

own brother, under strict supervision.

I saw at another village a great roast pig procession, very much like the Hong-Kong one, only a bigger pig and more presents. The high poles at the villages struck me, and I was told they denoted that one of the inhabitants had taken honours at a public examination. This would not be a bad idea to introduce into England. I should like to see every town, village, or street that had produced a "wrangler" or "double-first" have a Venetian mast and bit of gay bunting. The honour paid to scholarship is even greater than that paid to military genius. Not only are the successful candidates honoured, but their parents, and the very city and district from which they come, are marked in red letters for ever. It is singular also that in selecting tutors and schoolmasters for their children they are actuated as much by the possession of virtue as scholarship in their selection, and the reverence for a master is second only to that for a parent.

We were now approaching Canton. The

banks were getting nearer to us, and the water more yellow; at last we had to thread our way amidst endless "sampans." I could get no idea of the population that live in these, but it must be many many thousands.

We had scarcely made fast when I found myself in the custody of "Susa," otherwise Susan, a sort of "sweet little buttercup," or bum-boat woman, who is a privileged person, and, from having attended on numerous men-of-war stationed in the river, is permitted to seize on all Europeans and take them off to the Hong-Kong Hotel. I had heard of this hotel, and determined to avoid it, and to that end had asked the Captain of "Tchang" to allow me to sleep and feed on board, to which he had acceded, so that I merely employed "Susa" to take me to the Hotel to pick up Mr. "Ah Cum," my future guide.

Susa's sampan was a very comfortable one, with cushions covered with red Persian, and white cotton curtains. Several illustrations adorned the matted arched sides. Susa herself was a plump, good-looking woman, very

neat and clean, with hair arranged in a marvellous manner, with not a particle out of its place. She was assisted by her sister, who steered, and by a very pretty little girl of about fourteen, dressed in a mixture of Chinese and sailor costume. She had a loose white shirt with a large square collar, trimmed with many rows of blue braid, loose white trousers, no shoes, and her hair cut straight across the forehead, which gave her a very piquante look. This fashion of hair-cutting, I was informed, denoted that she was unmarried. She had splendid bright eyes, a good colour, and was altogether the prettiest girl I had seen in China.

I picked up "Ah Cum," a sedate and, to my mind, disagreeable-looking man, of a not very Chinese cast of countenance. He was, however, a most excellent guide, and did not bother me too much to buy things from his particular friends. I fancy he soon found out that buying was not my bent.

"Susa" ferried us across the river to the town side, and then promised to call at eight o'clock to take me over the harbour to see the celebrated "flower boats."

I handed my list of sights to "Ah Cum," and told him he was to get good "too much fast" chairmen, and do as much as he could that day. I had been warned that it was impossible for a stranger to find his way along the labyrinth of alleys which form Canton, but I was little prepared to see such a warren.

We got into two chairs with four bearers each, and I led the way. Now, I have been for months at Constantinople, and have explored most of its narrow alleys and intricate bazaars. I have been into the native towns at Madras, Lucknow, and Calcutta, to say nothing of Cairo, Rangoon, and Suez, but this place, for narrowness, darkness, filth, and crowding, beat them all put together. I once made a remark to a ship-captain that Canton was the dirtiest place I had ever been in, and he said, "Wait till you've been to Foochow." I have never been to Foochow. I am still waiting, and am likely to wait.

We threaded through endless alleys, crowded with foot-passengers, cess-pools on either side; every here and there a gaily-

decorated tea-house, with joss-sticks burning, making the stench worse than before. The vegetable shops were tolerably decent; but the fishmongers' and butchers' were simply disgusting. In the former they have a nasty practice of smearing the fish all over with its own blood—I suppose to show its freshness; some say, to keep the flies off; others, to make it look *pretty!* Whilst the butchers, not content with exposing skinned puppies and rats for sale, expose certain parts of the entrails in a most filthy manner; and yet, when one comes to think of it, do not our own butchers do the same, only we are used to our animals' interiors, and not to theirs! In the same way, also, we express disgust at the Burmese for eating raw fish, and quite forget our own taste for oysters.

The "hongs," or shops, look very bright and pretty, decorated with their long signs. Every shop has two, generally crimson, strips of paper, with either black or gold lettering. One indicates the name of the owner and sign of the shop, the other enumerates the articles sold inside. All shop fronts are

open; occasionally, but very rarely, inferior glass is used. The owner and his family always reside at a distance, and at night only clerks or shopmen occupy the back and upper premises. As a rule, the different trades occupy different streets, or quarters. The streets have very flowery names, such as the "street of everlasting love," the "street of golden profits," the "street of refreshing breezes;" every street might in addition be called "the street of one hundred stenches." The butchers'-shops are decidedly the nastiest. Being winter, I saw rats, cats, and dogs (puppies), exposed for sale, also disgusting viscera. Rats are only eaten in winter, and then chiefly by women whose hair is falling off. The flesh of black puppies is considered more strengthening than that of white ones. Shopkeepers show apathetic indifference to you as you pass, and never tout for customers. The drainage of the streets, if you can call it such, is awful. The kennels at the sides or down the centre are almost always choked, and often the filth is ankle deep, yet the shopkeeper is quite placid.

The Chinese merchants use the Abacus in all their calculations, and are immensely quick, and very seldom incorrect. A Chinese "Contador," or accountant, is a *sine quâ non* at every English bank in Hong Kong.

By threading, jostling, shouting, twisting, turning, halting, and occasionally being suddenly set down and told to walk a bit, we got on until we reached the first sight (which, by-the-bye, was not in my programme), namely, bullocks treading out corn in the old Eastern fashion. I could scarcely have believed that there was room for half-a-dozen bullocks in this very crowded part; but there they were, walking round and treading out the corn, as in the old days when Tiberius Cæsar taxed Judea, and Barabbas led his disreputable life; and as, doubtless, these people had ground and thrashed out corn under the dynasty of Ham two hundred years before that. This sight was interesting enough in itself, but the chief feature, as specially pointed out by Ah Cum was that each bullock had a small tidy bucket strapped under him, to prevent

the corn being soiled by any little catastrophe that might occur; whilst other arrangements were made to meet other contingencies. This was also an illustration of the saving character of the Chinese; nothing is ever wasted.

I then went to see a most curious process of enamelling by means of feathers. Brooches, earrings, or any other ornament, in silver gilt, with a deeply embossed pattern on it, are taken by the artist, and in the indentations small pieces of the wing feather of the kingfisher are inserted, with strong gum or cement to hold it in. No one on examination, unless under a strong glass, would tell that it was not blue enamel. The patterns are mostly arabesque, and the whole forms a pretty and curious ornament. I saw two men busily engaged; one in cutting the feathers into geometrical patterns, the other in placing them in the cavities of the gold ornaments. Both wore jeweller's glasses, the work being so fine; I bought a small specimen, and the man put up a wing of the kingfisher, in order that my friends might see how the combination was

effected. I then went to see paper-painting and ivory carving; and also visited a fan shop. I saw nothing for sale half so good as I had seen in Hong-Kong; in fact, everything that is not especially made to order finds its way to Hong-Kong, and so on to Europe. I shall not touch more on shops, beyond saying that I bought a pair of slippers and some small ivory images. I saw a wonderful jade image for sale, for which they asked a hundred pounds. I was not tempted, and, indeed, would not have given a hundred pence for it.

My next visit was to the city walls. I now had to get out and walk. The walls reminded me in a mild way of dear old Chester; but everything was ricketty and tumble-down, and the city that lay beneath me was a mere enormous congregation of well-sized rabbit-hutches; but every square inch of ground was utilized. There seemed but little life to be seen, as the houses hid the streets, and all Canton lives in the day-time in the streets. I was interested in the guard-houses at the several gateways. Great importance is attached to gateways. The

South Gate is the most venerated, all officials enter by it, and all Imperial edicts or messages are carried in by that thoroughfare. I passed numerous groups of Tartar youths exercising at target practice with bows and arrows, or bracing themselves by athletics for their forthcoming examination. No cadet gets his commission until he is a proficient in manly exercises, and can put into practice the offensive and defensive lessons he will be called upon to teach his men. My guide always introduced me to these young fellows as an English officer, and I must say their manners were most polite and quite free from any awkwardness or servility. In other places I met with much rudeness.

We walked along until we came to the five-storied Pagoda, or wooden building I should call it, for it did not look to me like a Pagoda. It is said to be one thousand five hundred years old. Of course I could not find any traces of such antiquity. The tiles looked very old, and had a curious monogram on them, but the wood-work must have been renewed many times in that period. It

stands at an angle of the wall near a high mound, which was held by the French at the occupation of Canton. The English were quartered in the five-storied building. I went to the top, it was a goodly height, and reminded me of Burmese Poonghi Houses. The view was very extensive. Opposite there was a large burial ground, dotted all over with its whitened entrances to graves. A party of play-actors or mummers happened to pass underneath us, and I threw them some coppers, and they commenced a grotesque dance.

Some were on hobby-horses, and before commencing they all put on masks. Their performance amused some little Chinese children who were watching beside me. I offered one of these children an orange, and he made use of some term, for which "Ah Cum" boxed his ears. I asked what it was, but "Ah Cum" would not tell me, he said it was something impudent. I asked "Did he not call me a foreign devil?" and "Ah Cum" admitted that such was the case. Several children used this term to me, and many women muttered something inaudibly as I

passed, and looked at me in a contemptuous sort of manner. A high official, who was being carried in a sedan-chair, when he saw me, squatted down to hide himself, so that either my polluting glance might not rest on him, or else that he might not be contaminated by even seeing me. "Ah Cum" himself seemed rather shy of his occupation as guide, I thought, whenever he met a friend. There was none of the frank good-nature that I had experienced in other nations, but rather a forced civility, such as one met with in days gone by from official Turks, before we had become so mixed up with Ottoman affairs.

I mention this ill-disguised dislike, because I am quite sure I was not mistaken, and that ill-feeling was repeatedly manifested towards me by most classes, except the Tartar cadets before alluded to. One officer of rank spoke to "Ah Cum," and he presented him to me, and the official shook his hands in that peculiar and graceful way, called Chin-Chin, in which they make a salutation, and which no Englishman can ever learn any more than he can learn to salaam with the dignity of an

Asiatic. This man was civil, so I asked "Ah Cum" to tell him how much I admired the beauty of the surrounding country, which stretched quite level for miles, dotted with trees and covered with springing corn.

I saw the execution ground, but did not visit it. We had tea and very good biscuits on the top story of this building, and then started in our chairs again. I cannot pretend to give the order in which I saw the various sights as I jotted them down hurriedly at odd times, making fuller notes when "Ah Cum" did not hurry me on; but amongst others I may mention the Pagoda dedicated to the five hundred genii, a poor mean-looking edifice, the outer courtyard crammed with beggars, and filled inside with five hundred wooden images, all painted gaudily and decked with tinsel. After having seen so many images of Gaudama in Burmah and those wonderful carvings of Vishnu and Brahma &c, in the temples at Benares, Vellore and elsewhere, I was not much impressed by these

images, and thought them not unlike a collection of bad figure-heads.

I noticed that most of them had either real or imitation beards and whiskers, in fact were represented as being hairy; and this, among a people who dislike hair on the human face so much, was, I think singular. The Burmese, who also dislike hair on the face, only represent "Booloo," their devil, as hairy. I can scarcely think that so many of these genii were intended to represent incarnations of the evil one. The only image that really interested me much was one of Marco Polo, or one said to be meant for him. I think it rather questionable, though he was undoubtedly much revered by the nation. There was a grand smell of incense, in fact we were in a complete haze of smoke; every image had a bowl for rice in front of him. The shrine that was receiving particular attention the day I was there, was of a purely Burmese character, and I had seen hundreds of duplicates in the Pegu Provinces. I asked "Ah Cum" what his religion was, and he said he did not know, but he owned he certainly was

not a Christian. The Chinese, as a nation, I have frequently been told, have no real religion; but they have a superstition respecting their departed ancestors.

There are, of course, devotees. I was struck with the meanness and dirt of the priests; so different from Burmah, where the priests are a pattern to all men, and where religion as inculcated by them is, as Max Müller has said, next to the Christian, the best calculated to benefit the human race. It is strange that a nation so given to the study of its ancient writings, and possessing such excellent moral precepts as were left by Confucius, should have so utterly lost all respect for its priests, and the religion they represent. It is the only nation I can think of whose religious instructors rank as the lowest of the low.

I went to the Flower Pagoda, a building of the true Chinese style, such as you see on soup-plates and in all celestial drawings. The frescoes of flowers on the basement, from which it takes its name, were very miserable. I know I was not a little disappointed in temples and Pagodas in

China, but perhaps other travellers will see things with a less jaundiced eye. The Examination Hall is very interesting; the long pathway leading to the main building is lined by numerous little edifices, in each of which a candidate for scholastic honours is shut up with pen, ink, and paper, and food, until he has finished his task. He is carefully guarded, so that he may have no connection with, or assistance from, the outer world. The fire-stations are very well situated and the city so completely sub-divided and organised, in case of any outburst, that a conflagration is now seldom very destructive. A town that has once had fifteen thousand houses burnt is likely to be a little nervous and cautious in case of fire.

The Palace in which the Imperial tablets are kept is very interesting. These tablets are I believe merely a record of imperial ancestors, but where the worship of deceased relatives is so sacred a duty the very place that contains their names becomes sacred also.

I met a bridal party going to pay the first visit of ceremony to the bride's new parents.

It was accompanied by the indispensable roast pig. The bridegroom, a good-looking fellow, very young, was riding a pony. The bride was of course closely guarded and shut up in a litter. Poor soul, I wonder how she fared, and whether her mother-in-law was kind and affectionate to her. English girls often give up much in leaving father and mother, but nothing to what these girls do.

CHAPTER XII.

FLOWER-BOATS—AN INVITATION TO TEA—A NIGHT ON THE CANTON RIVER—AH CUM'S VISITING CARD—CHINESE LITERATURE—THE SCENE OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATES—THE "PEARL" RIVER—GAMBLING AND OPIUM-EATING—EASTERN METHODS OF SETTLING DAUGHTERS—SOCIAL SUBJECTS—RELIGIONS—TAONISM—CONFUCIANISM—BUDDHISM—MAHOMEDANISM—LAMAISM—MARRIAGE LAWS—SLAVERY—FUNERAL RITES.

I DINED on board, and had a very comfortable dinner; and at eight o'clock Susa came to take me a round of visits in her sampan. I asked the Captain if it was safe, and being assured that Susa would take me into no danger, I readily accompanied her. Our crew was the same as in the morning, but the little girl had got herself up most bewitchingly. We pulled off to visit the "Flower-boats," an object of special interest to all visitors, as they are enshrouded with a certain mystery and reputed to be of

a doubtful character, and consequently dangerous. I could not help thinking how easily one might be popped, like poor Sir Thomas, into the water, to serve as a bait for eels, without anyone ever being a bit the wiser, at all events certainly not for a long time.

No Chinaman ever takes a male friend to his house to see his woman-kind; indeed I believe that so strict are they after marriage that even brothers are only occasionally admitted to see their sisters under certain restrictions; hence when a Chinaman wants a pipe, or chat, or a little dissipation with a friend, he takes him to a flower-boat, which is in fact a sort of floating hotel. There they sit in the stern in the bright moonlight smoking and drinking tea, surrounded by young ladies got up to the utmost with flowers, silks, pearl-white, and rouge, hair done à la teapot, who make night hideous with their shrill singing and endless twanging on a miserable sort of guitar. These boats are very large, and are not very unlike the old state barge of the Lord Mayor, being painted and decorated in

much the same manner. They have a number of cabins, which can be occupied for the night in case of anyone wishing to do so. These boats are, I take it, the haunts of dissipated and immoral Chimamen, but I do not think that they are used for smoking opium in. A rather good story is told respecting them. A Chinese commissioner who was in charge of an English Plenipotentiary introduced him to one of the flower-boats. His Excellency was charmed with the grace and geniality of the ladies, and much struck with the absence of all unnecessary reserve and etiquette, and on departing asked who the agreeable ladies were. The Commissioner, who was evidently a wag, told him that they were the wives and daughters of the Governor of the Province, the Commandant of the town, and other high official magnates who had been sent there to do the civil to His Excellency! Doubtless the great man thought the wives of Chinese officials very charming, but, if the story had come to the ears of those concerned, that heathen Chinee would have got the bow-string.

It is curious how people are apt to exag-

gerate danger. I was told by many that visiting these boats was a service of difficulty, and even danger. I did not find it so. I visited several, and was most courteously received on all; of course it would be madness to attempt to visit them under any but safe guidance, I was almost about to say female. Susa invariably accompanied me, and I fancy introduced me favourably to the occupants, for after she had spoken most of those present shook their hands towards me in Chinese fashion; and then I always bowed to them. The singing girls put on most bewitching smiles, and sang louder and more harshly than ever. On one boat a courteous old gentleman asked me to sit down and have some tea. I looked at Susa for instruction, and she in her broken English consented; so I sat down and had the usual small cup handed to me. I went through a dumb pantomine indicative of burning my mouth with the tea, which amused them, and I got Susa to tell them that I admired the singing immensely, and the girls still more, for which untruth may I be pardoned. I got up then and made a profound, and

I flatter myself a dignified, bow to them, and retired; they were anxious for me to remain, but I saw no object in doing so. I asked Susa if there was anything to pay for the tea, she said, "As Master likee," so I gave her some small coin, which she handed over to my host.

Having visited about half-a-dozen of these boats, I returned with Susa to our sampan. I think she was rather surprised that I had not been sufficiently amused to stay longer on any of the "flower-boats;" no doubt she thought them full of enchanting captivations. The little girl, on the contrary, seemed glad that I had come back so soon, and turned up her nose contemptuously when I asked if she did not like flower-boats. I went slowly drifting down the stream in the lovely moonlight. Susa made me tea, and the little girl administered it to me, squatting on the floor of the snug cabin, and doing the civil whilst auntie steered the boat. I shall not easily forget that night upon the Canton River, and if I were a poet, like Hamilton Aidé, I would write a song like his "Danube River." Susa was very anxious that I should sleep and

breakfast on board her sampan, but I did not see it. Mosquitoes are lively in these waters, and the cold great, so I made her pull on board the "Ichang," and there, in a nice bed, in a clean cabin, with nice clean sheets, I fell asleep, to dream of "flower-boats," "the little girl," "Susa," and "sampans."

Next morning I was up betimes exploring this ancient city. I was much interested in the silk-weavers, embroiderers, and particularly with the paper-painters. I had now time to notice the shops more narrowly, and found that all business was transacted on the ground floor, the whole of the front of each shop opening to the street, so as to give a fair view of the wares to purchasers. The family occupied either the upper stories or a back portion. I noticed in every shop much handsome gilded Chinese writing, which I was told was either the names of ancestors, or else popular Chinese proverbs.

Before leaving, Ah Cum gave me a neatly printed visiting card with his name on it. Susa and the little girl came to see me off; our load of live-stock rushed in, and then the monster began to groan and creak, and the

sampans to scurry out of the way, and we were once more moving.

The Captain took a different route home, and I thus passed the "Shameen" or European quarter. I had an invitation to go there from my merchant friend, but time would not permit. It seemed a neat, well-to-do little colony. Passing alongside of low, muddy islands, covered with huts and gardens, we soon got into broader water, and put on greater speed. I noticed a Chinaman on board who had gone up with me, and who had borrowed my glasses. He came up and made salaam. I also met several English gentlemen who had been long residents in China, and conversed with them about Chinese. They all agreed that the literature was so fascinating that when once a man was drawn into the study he became quite a slave to it, and almost invariably ended in being quite unfit for the management of ordinary mundane affairs. They quoted several instances of well-known bookworms who had quite neglected their general business in pursuit of celestial lore.

We passed a very interesting village called

"Pucklee-ching," celebrated as being the original scene depicted on the old willow pattern plates. It certainly bore a great resemblance and possessed all the leading features, such as the bridge, the Pagoda, the plum pudding tree (a species of Austrian pine), and even the birds kissing in the air. These birds are sea-swallows, and hovered round the stern of the boat incessantly, like those birds that fly up and down the Bosphorus, and are supposed to contain the souls of corrupt dragomans; what a lot of wicked dragomans there must have been!

I think the name of Pearl a great misnomer as regards this river, unless Chinese pearls are very yellow. The endless nets we passed gave me an idea of what a trade fishing must be. The Captain told me that large quantities of live fish are taken daily in tanks to Hong-Kong.

These celestials are very particular about their fish, and indeed about eating generally. A common coolie seldom dines under five courses, and often many more; a little bit of this and a tiny cupful of that, eked out by immense quantities of rice, form their

dinner, for which they pay a few cash.

Everywhere the land was carefully cultivated, and seemed very luxuriant, but the scenery was very tame. Almost every eminence had its fort, badly built and miserably armed, even when guns were in them. A new fort we passed in going up was a failure, and had no guns at all in it. I was at all points struck by the extreme industry of the people, but nowhere could I find even a trace of wealth. I saw no really good buildings, and nothing in the dress or appearance of the upper classes betokened money. In India I had often seen jewelled shrines and barbaric splendour, but here, with a population ten times more industrious than any other native race, with ingenuity and taste in workmanship universal, there was not a sign of wealth or luxury. It is hard to account for this; even the gambling propensities do not account for it, for there must be winners as well as losers, and where does the money go? I wonder if the stories of their gambling are exaggerated. I have heard of large sums being lost in Australia and California by Chinamen in

play, but I never saw them on board ship, or anywhere else, play for anything more than a few farthings. Their love of gambling is intense, and, according to Archdeacon Gray, leads to much evil, but not so much as in Siam, where they stake their wives when all else has been swallowed up. Can this absence of outward signs of wealth be the result of over-population?

This leads me to say one word as to the detestable habit of infanticide. I was informed by respectable men that in the interior they actually threw their female offspring to the pigs, whilst the more civilized (?) throw them into the water. Had I not been in India and known the difficulty that Government has had to prevent infanticide, I should be unwilling to believe such stories; but extreme poverty on the one hand, and religious fanaticism on the other, incite people to commit horrid atrocities. In India the Rajpoots have a double object in destroying female issue—one is to prevent any ill-assorted marriage that would involve loss of caste; the other is to prevent destitution in maturer life. They smother in milk.

It is singular to find how little store the Chinese set by their female issue. A Chinaman in telling you how many children he has invariably omits to count females.

I remember in India a Nawab telling me that, now that England had a female sovereign reigning, we must of necessity sink as a nation. In vain I protested that we had been singularly prosperous under female rule, to which the old fellow merely replied, "Bah!" and resumed his "hookah."

In their domestic relations the Chinese seem generally to get on well; but, like all nations where men have made the laws, they punish female unfaithfulness most cruelly, whilst men go scot-free. The young ladies of the "flower-boats" generally become second wives of rich old Chinamen, and are soon spoilt darlings.

In San Francisco and elsewhere, I heard much of the degrading and filthy habits of "John Chinaman." I did not hear this corroborated by those who had lived for years amongst them in Hong-Kong, Canton, and Shanghai. I did hear that they were

not to be trusted as servants, and often after years of faithful service robbed you in the end; but, as merchants and men of business, I always heard them spoken of as second only to Parsees.

I cannot say that I heard that missionary labour had been in any degree successful in these parts. A large Roman Catholic cathedral is in course of erection at Canton, built under the special patronage of the late Emperor Napoleon III.

Before concluding this portion, it may not be out of place to make a few observations on social subjects connected with these interesting people that I have gained either from personal experience, or gathered from reliable sources.

As I have elsewhere remarked, the Chinese have in reality no religion; the nearest approach to it is the Worship of Ancestors, mixed up with the grossest superstition. The doctrine of Confucius embodied the strictest morality based on the principle of filial piety, and this represented his social and political economy. As the son reverenced the father as the head of the household

and centre of the social circle, so the nation was to reverence the emperor as the head of the nation and fountain of the people's happiness. The necessity of mental culture and social virtues, and, above all, filial piety, form the essence of his teaching, and beyond this there is really nothing in it, for there is a remarkable absence of any allusion to a Supreme Being. This doctrine of filial piety by a national process soon became embodied in the worship of Ancestors, and here the teachings of Confucius seem to have culminated. He, however, became their greatest saint, and the five canonical books, together with his other writings, form at present their code of morality, and all their examinations for degrees are based on them.

Man must ever crave for something higher and more spiritual than himself, and so the absence of spiritualism in Confucianism left a void that could not be long unfilled; and hence Taonism revived and sprang again into life, filling the void, and inspiring the mind with a chaotic and reverential dread and fear of endless gods, genii, and demons, supposed to represent the great material

elements and their celestial rulers; and so corrupt has this religion become that it is simply an embodiment of idolatry and superstition. The priests are miserable astrologers and clumsy necromancers, but, nevertheless, their influence is so complete that nothing can be done without their aid and attendance, and they drag their miserable imposition into everything, and without their sanction the smallest duty or occupation cannot be commenced. So corrupt did this Taonist religion soon become, that Buddhism was introduced to purify it. This soon, however, in its turn, separated as it was from the pure source of its origin, became so tainted with Taonist superstition and Confucian veneration that it has not made any great way, and is, indeed, a miserable imitation of its pure type in Burmah. The priests are a very degraded lot, and are so little respected that they have become a by-word and term of reproach. Here is a striking illustration. The people have an idea that to certain gods human happiness is repulsive, and that they in consequence cut off favourite children, much on the same principle "that whom the

gods love die young;" and so, in order to make their gods believe that their children are not too dearly loved or too highly valued, they occasionally allow a son to be adopted into another family, as if he were a worthless lad, or else they shave his head like a Buddhist priest, and address him as "little priest," and treat him with indifference, as though he were low and despised, thus trying to deceive their gods, and showing their estimate of the priesthood. Poor creatures, what agony they must endure in their inner minds whilst they are practising their deceits on their gods, lest the secret of their heart should become revealed.

Notwithstanding all this gross superstition there is a notable and praiseworthy absence of anything like illicit love in this mythology; and we look in vain for the *amours* of gods that occupy so large a portion of the creeds of surrounding nations. This may be, perhaps, attributed to the solid basis of virtue and morality inculcated by Confucius, which, though undermined by superstition and idolatry, has yet withstood the engrafting of gross and immoral fables.

How Mahomedanism ever took any hold on these people is a marvel, but the religion holds a significant position. I shall not notice it, as it differs but little from that of Islam generally. I fancy that the prominence given to master piggy in all ceremonies by the majority of Chinamen must be very trying to these haters of pork.

That most interesting religion, Lamaism, also exists; and I almost doubt whether, on the whole, it is not the purest they have. I wish I knew more of it. Next to religion, I take it that marriage is the most important subject to the Chinese. It becomes almost a part of their religion, so mixed up is it with the doctrine of filial piety. By their sacred writings, young men and maidens are enjoined to marry, and procure large families, especially sons, in order that by their prayers they may conduce to the future happiness of their parents. Ill-health, and even deformity, are not considered hindrances to matrimony; and thus the doctrine of filial piety, the centre of all their ideas, whilst having so much that is good in it, is frequently productive of great

evil. In speaking of it, Archdeacon Gray makes a very touching surmise. He remarks that, whilst eternal Thebes, eternal Babylon, and eternal Nineveh have vanished, China has not only contrived to outlive them, but has prospered; and, he asks, may not the strict keeping of the Fifth Commandment have caused the Almighty to fulfil the promise therein contained, and to grant length of days in the land of this people, who so religiously honour their parents? But this very virtue, like so many others, has by overgrowth become, in many cases, a vice; and to such an extreme is it carried, at times, that children are called on to suffer imprisonment, and even death, instead of their parents; and it is not uncommon, when a notorious law-breaker is wanted by the authorities, for them to place the parents "in durance vile," which, reaching the ears of the delinquent, soon causes him to deliver himself up; and again, so far is this filial piety carried by women that they have been known to nourish their aged parents with the milk from their own breasts, to the

detriment of their offspring. It, moreover, leads children willingly to adopt the choice of their parents in the selection of a wife or husband; and this becomes, as I shall hereafter show, a cause of polygamy. Lastly, this doctrine forces some to marry who have a distaste for matrimony; and maidens have been known to commit suicide rather than yield to parental authority in such a case.

All marriages are arranged by a go-between, employed by the parents, and neither the bride nor the bridegroom sees the other until the preliminary ceremonies have been concluded. Auspicious seasons and lucky days are always selected for marriage, the former by ancient usage, the latter by the dictum of the Taonist priests. Marriages never take place at certain seasons, except in cases of severe illness of one of the parents. If it is considered improbable that the sufferer will survive until the fortunate season comes, the marriage is hurried on at once; and it is not unusual for a couple to be married in the presence of a dying, and often unconscious, parent. In such cases

all festivities, and most of the ceremonies, are dispensed with. We Protestants can scarcely understand the extreme desire for children that is the cause of all this. A Roman Catholic would understand it better, but not thoroughly; for they, by means of money, can obtain masses for their souls; but these people believe that only the prayers and veneration of a son can render his father's departed spirit happy in the future state. This idea, too, is prevalent amongst the Hindoos in India; and I have often thought that our rule in that country has been unjust, and rendered insecure at times, by our strict adherence to what we term the law of lapse; and Kaye, in his "Sepoy War," has pertinently alluded to this, when trying to assign a cause for the mutiny.

But to continue. The marriage ceremonies are surrounded by an excessive interchange of the civilities and flowery compliments so common in all the transactions of these punctilious people; but in the rites there is an absence of anything indecent or obscene; though customs

common to Hindoos or Mahomedans, and practised by the ancient Jews, are observed. A curious custom prevails in the lamentation of the bride and her sisters, for many days previous to marriage, at the idea of leaving her home. I daresay at times it is real enough, for they must know that they are, in consequence of polygamy, entering on a most uncertain career; that their lot may be cast in with an opium-smoker or a gambler, and their end be the auctioneer's hammer; and then a life of slavery, or even worse. The bride before marriage adopts the dress that her husband's rank will entitle her to wear. Chinese ladies, at all times, largely resort to cosmetics, and every female slave is an adept in the art of using them; but on the day of the wedding she wisely dispenses with them, so that, when her bridesmaids remove the fringe of pearls that has hitherto concealed her features, the bridegroom sees her face in its natural state. Had this custom prevailed in the days of the dear old "Spectator," we should have missed a most amusing letter, written by a disappointed bridegroom, complaining that only

after matrimony had he found out how false and made-up his wife was. The custom of asking the bride riddles at night, is occasionally practised; I have read of this custom elsewhere. After marriage, the worship of the parents' ancestors is the first great public ceremony gone through by the happy couple. All the above has special reference to the first wife. A widow, strictly speaking, is not allowed to marry a second time; but this law, as, indeed, all Chinese laws, is more honoured in the breach than the observance; yet the children of such a union are never considered quite legitimate. Divorce is not common, but may be resorted to for causes that we should not recognise. A singular law prevails in respect to persons taken in adultery. The husband must with his own hand kill both; if he kills the man only, he is open to the charge of murder; but if he kills both he is exonerated. In some cases the offence is condoned by payment of a large fine; this is not legal. The first wife alone takes the rank of her husband, and her name appears in the ancestral tablet.

In a country where offspring is so ardently desired, and where a large family, especially of sons, is deemed a special mark of divine favour, the birth of a child is a matter of little less importance than the marriage of its parents. All sorts of necromancy and geomancy surround it. The mother is invariably attended by a midwife and female doctor, as with the Egyptians and other Eastern nations, and only in cases of danger to life is a Taonist priest called in, who merely gives the poor sufferer a potion, in which some cabalistic nonsense has been mixed, in the form of burnt paper. All the ceremonies of washing and dressing the child have a superstitious meaning attached. Children are dressed very gaudily, as gay colours are supposed to attract the evil eye, and to keep it off the child.

The first visits paid by children are naturally to their grand-parents, and much ceremony surrounds them. Rice is, amongst other things, given to ensure scholarship. Very great care is exercised in selecting a school or a tutor, and the rod is never spared. Parents exercise uncontrolled power over

their children, and chastise them most severely; they often put them in the stocks, yet, judging from their aspect in the streets, they are a happy lot. Parental authority extends to any age, and parents chastise even grown-up sons and daughters. Any unkindness or use of bad language towards parents is a most serious offence, and the obedience of a daughter-in-law to her husband's mother is second only to that to her husband; in many cases it is paramount. Parricide is the most heinous of all crimes, and is punished by a lingering death. The hall of ancestral tablets of a parricide is for ever avoided.

In ancient times, monogamy in its strictest sense was the custom of the country, as it is now in certain districts, but the worship of ancestors, and consequent desire for children, naturally led to polygamy. A religion that taught the people to look upon the absence of issue as a curse, could lead to nothing else. Thus, when there was no issue by the first wife, she, as in Biblical times, enjoined her husband to take a second, and even a third, and so raise seed to their common benefit. Neither the second nor any subsequent wife is con-

sidered other than a slave until she has born children, and not until then is her name inscribed on the ancestral tablets. These women are not even allowed to die in the house, but are removed into an outhouse for that purpose. The second wife is never, except by Imperial decree, allowed to assume the rank or dress of the husband, and the first wife exercises supreme control over all other wives until, as we should say, "her nose is put out of joint;" this, as may be imagined, not unfrequently occurs.

The first wife, owing to the custom of parental selection, is invariably of the same social status as her husband. The second and third are frequently, indeed generally, of low origin. The custom of parents selecting wives for their sons favours polygamy, as naturally very often the selection is unsuitable, and then the man falls back on his privilege of choosing a second for himself. A law, obliging all gentlemen to give their female slaves in marriage, also operates in favour of polygamy. Slavery is almost universally practised in China, and a man may do what he likes with his slaves. In the case

of female slaves he may sell them as wives or concubines, or make any use of them himself he likes.

Another curious custom that by its restrictive nature tends to promote polygamy amongst the men is mentioned by Archdeacon Gray. I need not enter into particulars, but curiously enough this very subject was brought forward as an argument in favour of plurality of wives by a Mormon Apostle in a subsequent conversation. Notwithstanding that so many privileges are granted to men in the matter of marriage and concubinage, they do not tend to check licentiousness or promote fidelity, as the ready sale for good-looking female slaves, and the popularity of the flower-boats, clearly testify. On the other hand they tend to make marriage such a lottery, and so repugnant, that many women seek the shelter of the convent, and even commit suicide, to avoid it. And were it not for the sense of filial piety engrafted on their minds, marriage would become still more distasteful. Bearing in mind this strong religious sentiment and the overwhelming

desire it creates for offspring, who can explain the reason of so much infanticide? Of course poverty is a powerful incentive, but I understand it is not restricted to the lower and poorer classes. I have never heard the humane and tender arguments used in its favour in China that one hears in India. It is never suggested that they destroy their daughters to save them from a degraded life; in fact they seem only to sacrifice them to get rid of them.

I have never been clearly able to make out the position that females hold in a Chinaman's "great hereafter." In all conversations with them and those who understand their ways and manners, I could glean any amount of information about men, but the women seemed always ignored. As I have said, I think, before, a Chinaman in naming his family makes no mention of the daughters, he does not count them as any portion of his household. I do not know how far the prayers of females are efficacious, yet I know that they have important female Goddesses, and that in houses devoted to, and rooms solely occupied by, females shrines and

tablets are always to be found, and are scrupulously used. No sampan boat even, manned by females, is without its shrine. I think a female is the presiding Goddess of all sea-faring people.

Foundling hospitals tend to check infanticide, but a curious custom of allowing only one wet nurse to two or three children ensures a good percentage of deaths. Nuns and missionaries' wives also adopt a good many little waifs, but the great repugnance to having children brought up as Christians is a great drawback. I travelled with a nice kind missionary lady who had adopted many; she showed me their photographs, and seemed devotedly attached to the poor little things.

I have a great dislike to Chinese cemeteries. The black hill sides are dotted over with the whitened entrances and look ghastly, even more so than the Mahomedan ones with their dismal cypresses. When the last moments arrive, a dying man is carried into the verandah, and placed with his feet to the door, so that the spirit may have a free exit. Before the poor creature is dead they proceed to wash his face, and perform many

offices that must irritate him and hasten his end; his best clothes are placed beside him, so that he may be immediately clothed in them and appear before his ancestors in his best attire. Like the Burmese they have a great horror of Genii or Demons hovering about, and therefore, like them, they hire people to keep up an incessant din to frighten them away; hence the great use also of fire-crackers. Funeral rites are innumerable, wooden coffins are invariably used, and it is not uncommon for children to present their parents with one. The Buddhists resort to cremation; but other Chinese sects to interment. In cases where the sorrowing relatives are very poor, they simply take the coffin and leave it in the burial-ground until they have money enough to buy a grave. This, very often, does not occur for some time. I saw in Canton, houses in which the bodies are deposited awaiting a lucky day for interment, or until a favourable place for a sepulchre should be selected. Rent is paid for house-room or storage in this building. If the rent is not duly paid, the body is left to its fate in

a common burial-ground. The mortuary buildings are uot unpicturesque, and in front of one I saw a large plot of sacred lilies, which not only gave it a pretty aspect, but carried also an undercurrent of romance with it.

Altars form a prominent object in every house, room, or boat, and no matter how wicked or lawless the occupant, or for what vile or immoral purposes the room may be used, the altar is there and is held in veneration. Misgovernment in China may be said to arise from corrupt administrators, and not from faulty legislation; every official is open to bribery. Justice, if you can term it by such a name, is barbarously administered. Witnesses shrink from appearing, and torture is consequently used to extort confession, and the sentences are most capricious. Prisons are earthly hells. Dante should have seen them.

The chief vices of the Chinese are opium-smoking and gambling. The former, in its effects, is not worse than drinking in England; indeed, it has the advantage of being a passive evil, and does not lead to the

passionate outbursts that drunkenness excites. This very hour I have read of two awful cases arising from drink. A gentleman shoots a good affectionate wife; and a young man, after attempting the life of his partner and of his sweetheart, commits suicide. Yet we think we are the best and only civilized nation on earth. Gambling, on the other hand, is terrible in its effects, as described by writers of eminence. I confess, I never saw any quarrelling or evil arising from it. Its horrors are, however, fully realised by those who have lived amongst the Chinese. Not only does it lead to misery and self-destruction, but not uncommonly to the sale of wives, children, and female slaves, and lucky are they, poor souls, if under the auctioneer's hammer they fall into honest hands, and do not find their way through a go-between to the flower-boats or some other base use. Of their virtues, filial piety may be said to be the key-stone of them all. They are to be depended upon in business transactions, and their industry is proverbial.

Agriculture is their chief and best employ-

ment, and their laws regarding the cultivation of land are often very sensible and good. Not an inch is allowed to remain idle, and, where careless and bad farming exists, a board of experienced farmers assemble and report the delinquent, who is punished by flogging; moreover, bad landlords are liable to the forfeiture of their lands. Everything is made use of as manure, and the nostrils are not unfrequently offended in consequence; but habit, or the knowledge of good things to come, inures these people to their stenches, in the same way that an agriculture-loving old Lord used to tell me that he always went to leeward when they were putting artificial manure on his land, because, he said, "I can smell the corn coming up through it." Their stock of every description is miserable, except pigs. They do not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn, but they take good care that he shall not eat any, and they supply him with spectacles to keep him from growing blind. Master pig fills a most important part in their economy and their ceremonies, and no one can be born, marry, or die without a portion of him

being introduced. The breeds are generally very good, and much pains is taken with them. It is a strict rule never to allow a sow to rear more than twelve of her litter. The surplus ones are sold to make up other small litters. The new-comers, together with the others, are all taken from the sow and sprinkled with wine; they are then put back, and the mother, smelling them all alike, adopts them all as her own issue, and nurses them accordingly. The Chinese have also a great talent for pisciculture and the way in which they transport live fish in tanks on board ship is very ingenious. They use endless roots and salads that we know nothing of, but their chief food is rice and a bit of pork fat. I was, as I have elsewhere said, called a "foreign devil." I forgive them for it, and though I do not like them in the same way that I like many other nations, I must do them the justice to say that they are the most ingenious, clever, hard-working people I have ever mixed with.*

* No one visiting China should omit to read Archdeacon Gray's book. I am indebted to it for a mass of information, as also for pointing out the history of almost everything worth seeing in Canton.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPIRITUALISM—FUSIYAMA, THE "HOLY MOUNTAIN"—YOKOHAMA—BILL OF FARE—DOLLARS AND YEU—MY BETTO'S TATTOOED BACK—TEA-HOUSES AND PESSANS—SAKI—A JAPANESE FEAST FOLLOWED BY A DANCE—NATIVE MUSIC—HAKODADI, MY GUIDE—"TOO MUCH FAST" JINRICKSHA MEN—EN ROUTE TO TOKIO—A FERTILE PLAIN—PEACH, ALMOND, AND CHERRY BLOOM—TEMPLE OF SHIBA—RECOMMENDING A RELIGION—CINTOISM—A CINTO TEMPLE—SALT TEA—COSTUME—HAIR-DRESSING—SASH BOWS—JAPANESE CHILDREN.

THE "Oceanic" proved a very comfortable ship in all respects but one, and that was that the baths were down below water-mark, and consequently very dark. The saloon was most splendid, and the food very good and abundant. I felt the cold a good deal and longed for a fire. I had however plenty of clothes on my bed, and my ulster kept me warm on deck; the smoking-room

was very cold. We were only about ten to dinner every day, including ship's officers; trade was so depressed that nothing was doing. Captain Metcalfe was a well-read man, and had some nice books in his private library. He lent me a curious one called "The Dance of Death;" it was an outrageous diatribe against dancing, written by an American in San Francisco, and did not give me an excellent idea of the society in which the writer had mixed. I was astonished at such a work being allowed to circulate, but later on in my travels I learned that curious literature is diffused broadcast in the States.

I was amused by one handsome young lad who had been immensely bitten with "Spiritualism." Almost everyone in America is more or less inclined to believe in it, and the following anecdote will illustrate the manner in which the thing is carried on. One night in the "Social Hall" (a place answering to a smoking-room in other ships) this boy told us several instances of miraculous manifestations that he had witnessed, and of acts done by spirits that were marvellous. As I

had seen Maskelyne and Cooke, Dr. Lynn, and others do exactly the same tricks, I was able to explain some of the phenomena, and to assure him that in England conjurers, without pretending to any spiritual agency, did much more astounding things. He was young (about nineteen) and very good-looking; when I had gained his confidence he confessed to me that his belief had been shaken lately by a curious incident which once occurred to him.

On his first introduction to spiritual circles, he had been converted by being told, in answer to a question as to who had last been with a little sister who had died, "that her grandmother had nursed her to the last." This reply, being correct, so impressed him that he became an earnest convert, and was consequently much sought after as a believer. He had heaps of invitations to *séances*, and ere long was informed that he showed signs of being gifted as a medium. A female lecturer took him in hand, and he progressed rapidly under her tuition. She made much of him, and assured him he was a medium she had long been in search of. Their inter-

views were numerous and private. "One day," he said, "I was there and noticed she was getting very familiar, calling me by my Christian name and addressing me with endearing terms. All of a sudden, whilst alone with her, she clasped me round the neck and kissed me. I drew myself up and said, 'Madame, you strangely forget yourself,' to which she replied, 'Oh no, dearest, you are my spiritual affinity,' and was going to kiss me again, but I rushed out of the room, and went near her no more." He added. "I think she was a humbug, and that shook me a good bit." I asked him if she was good-looking, and was told "no;" I advised him next time to look out for a good-looking lecturer, and see if he could not become her spiritual affinity. I don't think he saw the joke; he was too much in earnest.

The doctor was a very agreeable man; he was a Southerner, but had joined the Northerners in the war. He was a clever man, and told me several queer stories of some of his countrywomen who had been passengers on board. A few of the yarns we had in the smoking-room were edifying in the extreme.

On Wednesday, the 12th, at four p.m., we sighted lovely "Fusiyama." At first I could not believe that it was not a snow-white cloud. The Captain was called, and, after looking through his glass, declared it to be the "Holy Mountain." He estimated it as one hundred and twenty miles distant; certain it is we did not anchor at Yokohama until nine a.m. next day (seventeen hours), and we were going at least ten knots per hour. However, we had to round a good deal of coast.

Next morning when I awoke we were coasting along the land of all others I had most desired to see; where, as long as I can remember, my fancy had led me in happy dreams.

The first sight of Yokohama is not prepossessing; the roadstead is fine, but the town lies low, and there is an absence of that luxuriant verdure and foliage growing down to the water's edge that I had learnt to look for from having visited lately other tropical shores. I particularly remarked the number of men-of-war of all nations lying at anchor. There were, I think, five or six Japanese iron-

clads, all of which seemed very powerful and in good order, and well manned.

We were soon surrounded by numerous Japanese boats, which differed materially from the "sampan," and seemed heavier. A crowd of hotel agents came on board, and each made me a liberal offer. I decided on going to the Grand Hotel, and was most thoroughly satisfied with my selection. After kind leave-taking, I got into my boat, accompanied by the hotel agent, and was rowed ashore. I noticed that the men here stood to their oars as they did at Hong-Kong. Very civil custom-house officers made a nominal search of my baggage, and then let me through.

It seemed very strange to be suddenly surrounded by Japanese, and I could not help feeling sorry that so many had donned our ugly and unbecoming garments; but it was glorious fun being beset by real jinricksha men in real Japanese costume (little of it though there was), and being crushed upon by real jinrickshas, which looked like *leggy* Bath-chairs. It was certainly like "Alice in Wonderland" again. Then came coolies

with long bamboos, like the beams of a scale, to balance your luggage over their shoulders, every one of them in a queer, comical hat made of bamboo, and wearing a sort of cloak made of long grass, curiously interwoven, with the long ends hanging down, which made it perfectly waterproof. Others, again, wore oiled paper caps—such a funny motley group. I fancied I should never get tired of looking at them. Here was I, after having visited almost every country under the sun, as much bewildered and astonished as though I had never left Pall Mall.

My guide soon made his jinricksha men understand they were not wanted; then two coolies took possession of my worldly goods, and off we trudged to the hotel, which was close by, standing on the "Bund;" a fine broad thoroughfare, washed on one side by the blue sea, and on the other lined by very nice substantial houses, each standing in its own garden or compound. How I eyed the shrubs in the gardens! looking for new specimens, and how delighted I was to see the camelia buds swelling!

Passing the studio of Messrs. Stillfield and Anderson, whose photos (as I hurriedly glanced at them) made my mouth water, we reached the hotel, which is a corner house, one side looking seawards, the other towards the Bluff. It was a very clean, roomy, and admirably managed establishment, and even now that I have seen the gigantic wonders of hoteldom in the States, I look upon my Japanese hotel at Yokohama as the most comfortable and liberal of all those I visited. I got a nice room, overlooking the harbour, with a fireplace and most excellent furniture, the use of a bath every morning, with hot or cold water, firing, breakfast, lunch, and dinner, including a bottle of "*vin ordinaire*" at the latter meals, attendance, &c., for twelve shillings a day; and so little grasping were they that when I was not well, and could not drink the wine supplied, they gave me brandy and soda instead, *ad libitum*. Moreover, whenever I went on an expedition they kept my room for me, and only charged four shillings a day for so doing. I annex a copy of a bill of fare that I happen to have

kept, in order to show that I was not starved.

GRAND HOTEL.
BORMAT ET CIE., Proprietor.
Tiffin Bill of Fare, Yokohama, March 1st, 1879.
Radishes. Olives.
Onions, Tunny, Celery.
Fried Fish.
Parsley Omelette. Haricot Mutton.
Sausages and Mashed Potatoes.
Roast Chicken. Curry and Rice.
Beefsteak and Potatoes.
Vegetables.
Sweet Potatoes, Spinach, and Cabbage.
Cold Meat.
Ham, Roast Beef, Chicken, Galantine, Braever.
Entremets.
Stewed Plums.
Coffee, Fruit.

This, with a bottle of really very fair wine, and everything well cooked, attendance good, and plate and glass all extremely neat and clean, was not a bad meal for a hungry man. The waiters were all Japanese, and were dressed in the native dark-blue cotton suits, and moved about very quietly in their stockinged feet. The cook was French, and the carvers all European. The dining-room was very large, but comfortable; capable of

accommodating about sixty, at tables holding four or eight people each. I found that I was invariably shown to the same table, and they seldom put anyone with me unless they knew him to be a friend of mine; and, if a stranger was introduced, it was generally an officer of the army or navy (but of any nationality), who happened to be taking a meal there. The waiters were very quiet and sharp, and I found that they soon learnt one's likes and dislikes, and never bothered one with dishes that had been refused more than once. Breakfast was a moveable feast, supplied at any hour until eleven a.m., and was served to order, anything in reason you liked being prepared in a few minutes. Lunch was the great meal, in point of numbers, so many merchants and naval officers dropping in at that time. Dinner was also a grand feast, and would, I am sure, have satisfied dear old Sancho Panza. My bedroom was large, lofty, and very well furnished, indeed, better than any room of the kind I have before or since occupied; it had, amongst other things, a "secretary," which had a mysterious mode

of shutting that baffled my comprehension; my little "Jap," however, understood it, and used to come and open it when occasion required. I was so ashamed of not being able to learn the trick, that it resulted in my not using it at all, rather than call in the assistance of my servant, and so exposing my ignorance. The window was a sort of large French one, looking over the sea, and up and down the Bund; a cozy fire-place, lots of coal, a sofa and easy-chairs, made me almost regret that, in the new world of Japan, I was not called upon to rough it a little more. One very nice tidy habit they had, and that was screening off the bed and washing-stand every morning with a handsome Japanese screen, and so making the bedroom quite a pretty sitting-room, to entertain callers in. Opposite the door of the hotel stood a rank of jinrickshas, so that you could hail one at any minute. I must add that a lady, I think the wife of the French minister, occupied a room near me, and played on the piano divinely, so tha I was in every way well located.

After lunch the first day, a fellow-

passenger called for me, and we went together to visit a merchant friend of his. Here, again, I was lucky; for this gentleman took us through the main Japanese street, and showed us all the good shops. As my friend had to proceed in the "Oceanic," he had to make his purchases betimes, so I had the advantage of seeing him spend his money under the practical guidance of Mr. S——, and I made notes of the proper price of everything bought, for future guidance.

The Japanese, like all Orientals, begin by asking twice the sum they intend to take, and Mr. S—— told me the best way was to price any number of articles, wanted or not wanted, and then beat down the prices of those you really intended to buy, whilst giving up the trash with seeming reluctance; in this way you generally got things at a reasonable price. By means of this visit to the bazaar, I got to understand the real value of the Japanese "yen," and found how much I saved by paying in that coin instead of dollars; and when I went afterwards to the bank, to cash letters of credit, I got a

good exchange, first of all, in dollars, and then I went across the bank to a money-changer, and re-exchanged them for "yen," and think I generally got about sixty-eight "yen" for ten pounds.

I had a very nice lunch with my friend at Mr. L——'s, and after it was over a large number of Japanese silks were brought in for inspection. In the afternoon I went by appointment for a drive with the doctor and purser of the "Oceanic" and a friend of theirs, who knew Japan most perfectly. We had a nice double dog-cart, and a pair of excellent ponies, two "bettos" or grooms running behind like the "ghorawallas" in India. When the "bettos" got warm, they took off their white jackets and exposed elaborately tattooed backs, of which they are very proud; they look upon it as a garment, and never consider themselves naked when well tattooed. Mrs. Brassey, in her charming book, describes her jinricksha-man as having a stork under a tree tattooed on his back. Mine had arabesque patterns.

In our drive we passed some charming scenery, and stopped at several tea-houses,

arranging at one of them to return after dinner, and see a dance peculiar to the Japanese. These tea-houses were my delight, and I owe much to my guide for letting me into the secret of enjoying them thoroughly —most strangers lose half the charm.

On arriving we were welcomed by the hostess, accompanied by two or more girls (called "nescuis") according to the status of the house. We then sat on the mat of the verandah, and took off our boots, being supplied with Japanese slippers, in which we waddled into an inner room, bare of furniture, but very neatly matted. Here we were told to seat ourselves, more by sign than anything else, or, I should say, rather by motion, for my girl put her hands on my shoulders and pressed me down; all this was done with an immense amount of laughing. When seated the ladies made obeisance of welcome, and then asked for orders. Whilst Mr. S—— was giving them in Japanese, the girls had already gone as a matter of course for tea, which is invariably ready; then each came, cup in hand, and attached herself to a separate gentleman.

Whilst drinking the tea the girls knelt in front of us, and watched our performances. They are very good-natured looking, rosy-cheeked, fair, and plump; they have not good figures as far as smallness of waist is concerned; but, nevertheless, they are well-formed, and, though short, not ungraceful in their movements; but they cannot compare in grace and general deportment with Hindoo or Mahomedan girls.

An order was given by S—— for "saki," to the delectation of the girls, and for the good of the house. The "saki" took a little time to prepare, as it is always drunk warm, and, when produced, the bottle (which reminded me of a small stone ginger-beer bottle) was handed to the mistress, who immediately, with a bow, directed a girl to give each of us a small china saki cup; these generally have a view of the Holy Mountain drawn at the bottom. The etiquette seemed to be for one person to hand the cup whilst another filled it. You drank both to cup-bearer and filler, and then tossed the cup into the lap of some one else. The bottle was then handed to another,

and the cup replenished. I did not dislike the taste of the "saki;" it was something like apple-juice, sherry, and water, not quite so acid perhaps as cider, or so rough as poor claret; it was the colour of hock.

A girl seated herself near each of us, and waited especially on one; so, of course, we each paid most attention to our particular girl. It is wonderful how much you can contrive to say in half-an-hour to a girl you never saw before, and with whose language you are perfectly unacquainted, if you are determined to understand each other. I soon found how quickly my charmer could teach me to hold the iron chop-sticks with which they turn over the charcoal in the large brazier that warmed the room, and how frightened she could pretend to be when I threatened to put a live piece on her bare toes. It really was a very amusing visit, and the young ladies, though quite without any outward reserve, were very well-behaved and modest. We visited, I think, three tea-houses, but we only did "saki" at one; at the others we went in

for tea simple, and a shilling or so paid our score at each place.

After dinner I called at the International Hotel for my friends, and found they had ordered a closed carriage to go to our dance (or nautch) in; I was so disappointed, for I had hoped such a thing as a closed carriage did not exist in Japan; besides I was longing to go in a jinricksha; however, the gods had decreed it otherwise. We reached our destination after a severe jolting, and found the party all ready to receive us. After the usual boot-changing we were conducted this time into an inner and more private chamber; this was done by withdrawing the sliding paper screen door that divided one room from another; in the middle of this room stood a huge brass vessel filled with glowing charcoal, and emitting a kindly warmth, for it was very cold outside. The landlady received us with much courtesy. I noticed here as elsewhere that the men never interfered in any way; they generally moon about, and often act as cashiers, but they never attend on guests, or show except when parties are going away, when they

come to make salaam and speed the parting guest.

Our entertainment was to be much more elaborate on this occasion. Mr. S—— went out to have a private conference with our landlady, and it resulted in a feast (of course preceded by tea, which is always thrown in gratis), consisting of several dishes, some of which I tasted at the earnest desire of my particular Hebe, and which to me after a good dinner tasted extremely nasty. The salt fish was passable, and I ate a poached egg to please my girl, but it was hard work; I for fun tried chop-sticks and failed, so had to use a teaspoon, and the idea of eating a poached egg with a teaspoon was not nice. I noticed that we sat in the same order as we had in the afternoon, that is to say the same girl came and seated herself beside me; this was in my case a pure accident, for I had made no special selection on the previous occasion, but somehow we fell into couples in a mysterious way that suited us well, and I am sure I would not have exchanged my damsel for any of the others, so readily is sympathy

generated. Perhaps having seen her scorn a proffered seat by the side of that wicked old doctor, had something to do with my respectful admiration for this nymph, who told me in gentle accents that her name was "Mia;" anyway, I was glad to cut out the doctor! The saki went round fast and jollity reigned; but the dance! Well! it was rather a game of forfeits than a dance; the music was deafening—I could not have supposed it possible for three females to produce such a dismal row—the instruments were a cross between a mandoline and banjo, with three strings, played with a sort of wooden comb; and those not playing, together with the dancers, clapped their hands in a marked manner to the music. The girls danced in couples opposite each other, swaying their arms and marking time with their feet. We left about ten, but, long before, I was quite tired of the noise; the entertainment cost us about three shillings per head.

I found my bed at the hotel very comfortable after shipboard, and in the morning my "Jap" servant brought me a warm bath, and put everything as tidy for me as a

London valet. I had promised to go to Tokio with my Hong-Kong friend, so in the morning I got Mr. Bonat to secure the services of a Japanese guide named Hako-dadi, who was to convey us in safety and show us the "lions." We got Mr. S—— to give us a route, which enabled us to see the greatest possible amount in the shortest possible time, so that there was no delay.

We started in three jinrickshas one bright lovely morning, taking only our ulsters with us. It was such fun bowling along the flat streets in those delicious conveyances; they are like Bath chairs on two high wheels with shafts, and are drawn by one or two men, according to the distance travelled. A man goes in the shafts, and partly by pulling and partly by pushing against a cross-bar, which is fastened across the points of the shafts, he propels the jinricksha. In cases where a second man is engaged, he sometimes acts as a leader, pulling by means of a rope attached to the cross-piece, but more frequently pushing behind to assist the shaft-man up-hill, and holding back, acting as a break, in steep

descents; in all cases they change from the shaft-work occasionally. I think in level localities that the tandem fashion is generally adopted. In Tokio, I noticed, they were all tandems, whilst, during my trip into the interior, the second "horse" always pushed. We rattled along through the crowd at a swinging trot, our men shouting to clear the way of foot-passengers; if a stray animal or child happened to block the way to pull up was the work of an instant, and I only remember one collision in all my travels.

We reached the railway terminus in good time. What a nuisance to have a steam-engine in this "Arabian Night's" land; but it proved in reality all the more charming, as it made the anomalies more striking. A Japanese official in European costume attended at a ticket office, where notices in every known tongue are posted up, giving you rates of the fares to Tokio (lately styled Jeddo). I take two first and a second return (the latter for Hakodadi); we stand amidst a motley group consisting of English, French, Germans, Japs in European costume, and

Japs in natural, women and quaint babies, all waiting for the opening of the barrier. Then there is a rush; an official snips your ticket, and you pass to the train. I am amused at the way Hakodadi and the officials salaam to each other, by clasping their hands across each other and bowing in a very courteous way, something like the Chinese salutations.

We seat ourselves in the train, and then find what a mistake our insular prejudices have led us into; we ought to have taken Hakodadi first-class with us, to explain different things we pass. A very agreeable Frenchman sees our helplessness and tenders explanations; we hear the signal whistle, and the "right away" given—are we in Japan or at Clapham Junction? Is it a dream or a reality? The crowds of Japanese gazing at us open-mouthed, as we move slowly, show us that a train is a great novelty to them, and that we are still in distant lands. We went our way through a maze of bamboo matting huts, over level crossings, and then emerged on to a coast line. On the right the broad ocean, with pro-

bably no land between us and America, and on the left an irregular bluff; then through a cutting and into a fertile plain, looking gloomy enough, for the stubbles of last year's harvest are not yet ploughed in, but every inch cultivated; the little raised paths, beside the tiny water-courses, telling their tale of rich crops of rice and maize. Again, trellis-work on poles (reminding one of Lombardy), each bearing a mass of budding foliage, but of what kind! Our friendly Frenchman tells us they are pear-trees trained on a frame-work of bamboo. How delicious on a hot summer day to walk under the shade and see the ripe pears overhead, like the cucumbers in a glasshouse; what a lovely profusion of pink and almond blossom, and what wealth of plum and cherry bloom! I cannot say the scenery is very picturesque; it is, however, sufficiently interesting, and then the sea is ever in view, and always blue and glistening.

We pass some reefs on which are built low sullen-looking forts, placed there goodness knows why, except it be to fire into each other in case of an action; somebody wasted

money there, I guess! Houses thicken and stations become more numerous, and at last we are in the suburbs of Tokio. I begin to think that all the stories told about "Daimios Harakirl" insurrections, and the naughty reserve of the "Japs," must be a myth, and that these jolly-looking, florid-cheeked little men and women could never have been contented to disembowel themselves to please the Tycoon, or "any other man," as Unsworth used to say.

We have reached the platform, and amongst the crowd I notice such a pretty, handsomely-dressed lady, looking eagerly for somebody; ah! who can that somebody be? It is our nice Frenchman; they seem beaming with happiness; they do not kiss, so he is neither her brother nor husband; but they look as if they would do so when they get into some quiet corner; we therefore wish them that corner very quickly. We walk up the platform, show our ticket, get the return half back, and then emerge into the open space in front of the station, where we are beset by a host of jinricksha men, who

inform us that they are "too good." One says "me too much fast;" another fellow, "me galloping man;" a third says, "there and back, no time, sar;" good, honest, hard-working fellows, I know few who earn half-a-dollar so fairly as they do. Hakodadi, who is supremely composed whilst we are being worried and almost torn to pieces, at last condescends to suggest that perhaps we had better engage three; so we secure that number of jinrickshas with two "horses" each, and they are told to "go like blazes." We start at a grand pace along the broad streets, sometimes in single file, sometimes in line; the drawback to the former mode is that we get no information from Hakodadi, but then there is scarcely time for it, our eyes being too fully employed in taking in all that passes around us. We emerge into the suburbs, and at last reach the celebrated Temple of Shiba. I am transported in spirit at once to the outskirts of Rangoon, and fancy myself in front of one of the temples there. The carving of Shiba is really wonderful. I have often read in books a paragraph which runs thus:—"The

Temple of Shiba has been so often described, and by better pens than mine, that I refrain from giving any description of it," and have always regretted that the writer did not give me his description of this wonderful place; and therefore, trusting that others might be equally disappointed if I did not add my say to so many other says, I venture to devote a few lines to this subject.

In the first place, the Temple is most picturesquely situated on three terraces, with a hilly background covered with pines; it consists of three parts, the first a courtyard, in which there is an immense number of stone pedestals, something like highly ornamented sun-dials, on which on festivals lights are placed. The second portion is the temple itself, which is superbly carved with imitations of dragons, lions, storks, pheasants, and grotesque forms. In this class of work the Japanese immensely surpass their co-religionists in Burmah; but in that alone do they excel, their pagodas are not so fine, and their religion is at a very low ebb, indeed almost extinct. This part of a temple in Burmah would be daily

thronged with worshippers; here not a sign of human life existed, save the presence of the "bonze," who acted as our guide. The third portion is the most interesting, as it contains the tombs of departed Tycoons. The largest tomb was made for a very celebrated Tycoon, though he was not buried in it; but, nevertheless, it is held in veneration. The very sombre and lonely aspect of this place surrounds it with an air of reverence. I noticed the massiveness of the bronzes here, but all has an appearance of decay. Not so many years ago, the whole place was doomed to perish, before the advancing footsteps of Japanese civilization; fortunately this act of Vandalism has been averted. The Japanese know nothing of the spirit of Buddhism, and little even of the tradition, and that is being crushed out by "Cintoism." I found that Hakodadi had no religion to speak of; if anything, I think he was a Cinto, that is, he worshipped the spirits of the departed Mikados; he admitted that everything connected with the worship was nonsense; but he did so with bated breath, as though he were

afraid some "gin," or spirit, might hear him.

Whilst on this subject, I may mention that a Japanese official who spoke and understood English very well, asked me one day to recommend him a religion. I told him we had lots in England to choose from, but that in doing so he must remember that, if he selected one from the many hundreds, all the others would consider him booked for a very hot place. I was reminded by this of the story told of the celebrated Oxford divine, who when a young Buddhist came to him for advice, saying he had turned from Buddhism, said, "Well, my young friend, if you ask my advice, I recommend you to turn back again."

There was next to this group of temples and spires another which seemed to have more life about it, as some students were moving about in it. A large bronze bell on the ground, stood awaiting the time when it was to be placed in position; that time will never come. The bell was not, in size or workmanship, equal to those I saw in Burmah, and very inferior to the great one

at the Shewa Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon. I saw no devotees; the place was scrupulously clean inside, and there seemed to be some handsome offerings, one especially, the gift of the last Tycoon. We took our boots off to enter the Temple. The bonze who conducted us over asked for money; I had been told what it was customary to give, and gave it, but he demurred at the sum, so my companion gave more; I remembered how I had often offered money to a Burmese poonghi, and that it was invariably refused.

We got into our jinrickshas and started at a good pace for Cinto Temple. It was situated at the top of a high bluff, and the ascent was very steep; consequently after so many months on board ship I felt a good deal puffed. On reaching the platform, for some reason or other our guide touched a gong.

The appearance of this place was wretched in the extreme, the Pagoda itself mean and dilapidated. I could discover no sacred emblems of any kind. There was a large box outside, with a grating on the top, and

several people came, tossed money carelessly inside, and touched, I think, a bell or gong, possibly to wake up the deity (*i.e.* bonze) to the fact that coppers had been thrown in.

The whole of one side of the platform was covered by a long wooden shed, in which stood innumerable small tables, and several tea-girls, very good-looking, were waiting ready to serve customers with tea; we looked out the prettiest, thinking of course that her tea would be the sweetest, and she, in a very quiet though coquettish manner, administered to our wants. The first cup was Japanese tea plain and simple, of a light golden colour, without much taste, and with no milk or sugar; the next cup she gave us had salt in it, and was simply beastly, but Hakodadi drank it with gusto; the last had an almond blossom floating in it, and that gave it a pleasant fragrance. Each edition was served in a tiny cup, without any eatables, and the girl after handing it knelt down and smilingly watched us drinking. She was much amused at our both getting up to spit out the salt mixture, looking for a convenient place to do so, as

we did not like to pollute the platform of the Temple. A few farthings amply remunerated our charmer. We saw a large burial-ground on the other side, which seemed better kept and much neater than a Chinese one would have been. It differed also in another respect: here head-stones marked the resting-place of the deceased; in China they use none, but place the bodies in a kind of sepulchre with a whitened doorway.

The sight that I enjoyed most was seeing the children flocking out of a school, that lay just beneath us, for their hour's play; boys and girls were separated, and it was delicious to see little bits of Japanese boys and girls rush out with a shout of delight, and begin to play, the boys in a regular English school-boy fashion, and the girls in a more sedate manner. These little ladies got up in Japanese costume, with their huge bows behind, played at blind-man's-buff, whilst several got into groups and admired each others' dresses like little old women; others of more mature years seized on the little ones and began to nurse them, showing thus

early their maternal instincts. The boys played at racing and ball; they were all dressed in the loose silk robe with waist-bands. The shouts of laughter showed the happiness of their lives; childhood in Japan is made up of pleasure.

The panorama of Tokio (Yeddo) was very fine. The sky bright blue and the scene altogether enjoyable. We returned down-hill at a "double;" it was almost impossible to walk quietly, even grave Hako-dadi had to amble. Every time we reached our jinrickshas, our *horses* welcomed us, and had our overcoats ready for us to put on, as it was cold enough going at the rate of eight miles an hour through the air. How I wish I could convey any idea of one single street; the very shop signs are in themselves a grand attraction, being of every colour and size, sometimes black or white on crimson, sometimes written in large circles, more generally in strong strips. All the shops open on to the streets, so that you see into each shop, and thus, whilst you watch a purchaser cheapening an article, you also see the lady of the house, probably nursing

her infant, or the master taking his afternoon siesta.

It is winter and all are becomingly dressed; but in summer both males and females wear as little as is consistent with our ideas of absolute decency. They know no shame and therefore feel none; every coolie and jinricksha man, in hot weather, is clad as nature suggested in the beginning, except that the skin is profusely tattooed. This is always considered in the light of clothing, no man well tattooed ever thinks he is naked. In the large towns now, they are obliged to wear jackets and breeches, but the moment they get outside the precincts all is pulled off, and your coolie, betts (groom), or jinricksha man is, with the exception of a waist-cloth, perfectly naked.

I have often been asked whether this shocks European ladies; I only answer that I do not think they ever notice it after the first week, and somehow or other no one looks on a native in the same light as a European. The same holds good in reference to native women; after a week

in India everyone forgets that the clothing is scanty. It would be edifying to some English ladies to hear their sisters, in these and other tropical parts, discuss the English ideas of dress and modesty. A Japanese official, who had been in England prosecuting his studies, gave me a curious description of the English tight dresses and low bodies. I could not help admitting that their women in their loose robes and girdle, even when, as in hot weather, they took off their jackets, were the more decent of the two.

But to continue, the crowd is mostly dressed in blue cotton breeches and jacket, with the name of the guild to which they belong, or the district in which they live, sewn in white on their backs or chests. It looks very picturesque, and some of the designs are artistic. The government servants and the youth of progressive Japan usually wear a long loose robe, or else adopt European costumes. Nearly all except jinricksha men and coolies wear the English billy-cock or wide-awake hat; which is not only incongruous but ludicrously hideous. Hakodadi wore

European costume until I mildly suggested to him that a friend of his, to whom he introduced me, made a great guy of himself by so doing; he took the hint and ever afterwards appeared in his native dress, and on parting he presented me with his photograph taken in the becoming costume of the country.

The women all dress much alike, the richness of the materials alone being an indication of status, and the wives and daughters of noblemen wear their hair differently from the mode of the vulgar herd. Noble females wear their hair tied at the back something like the tail of a Flanders horse at a fair, and docked square about a foot's length from the ribbon that ties it. A white spot on the body-garment of different size and shape also indicates rank; and permission to wear a dagger is accorded to the nobility. Some say that noble girls alone were permitted to use a weapon in defence of their honour against the lawless assaults of Samauris.

The ordinary females wear their hair divided in three parts down the front; the

centre portion is turned back over a pillow, and, after being carefully dressed, is tied and fastened by large pins. A little chenille or scarlet cloth is inserted in the fastenings of the side and centre locks, and gives a bright appearance. The whole is so plastered with bandoline that not a hair is out of its place; and by it a bright gloss is imparted. The hair is usually dressed every third day, as the process is long and tedious; in the mean time the wearer in sleeping does not use a pillow in the same form and sense as we do, but rests the neck on a block covered with a soft pad, and so prevents disarrangement of the coiffure. The Sumalis, on the coast of Africa, have much the same custom. After they have plastered their whole head with chinnarn, a preparation of lime, they lay their heads on the sleeping-block until the lime has dried and crumbled entirely off, when their heads assume the appearance of huge scarlet mops, the hair standing out all round in a kind of glory. They are great dandies as long as the scarlet tinge remains. False hair is never worn by respectable females in Japan.

A noticeable characteristic of female dress, is that every woman and child invariably wears a broad girdle of crimson Persian round the waist; over that a sash with an enormous bow, in which is stitched a piece of paper having written on it the name, birth, parentage, and residence of the wearer, also a prayer or invocation. Without this they never go out, and in the case of lost children it is very useful. It is charming to see little toddles of only a year or so old, scarcely able to walk, staggering as it were under the weight of this bow, and moving about in any crowd quite independently.

The Japanese are singularly fond of children, and never harm them intentionally; and it must be a sore trial to a jinricksha man, going at full swing, to be eternally pulling up to save running over some child, who is serenely playing in the street. The warning cry of "Hai, Hoi" that they utter, is entirely disregarded by these impish-looking brats; and if the man speaks roughly to them, they generally return the compliment by flinging

a handful of mud at him. The by-standers, amongst whom is probably mamma, or grand-papa, only laugh at the precociousness of the infant. Child-life in Japan is indeed sunny.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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